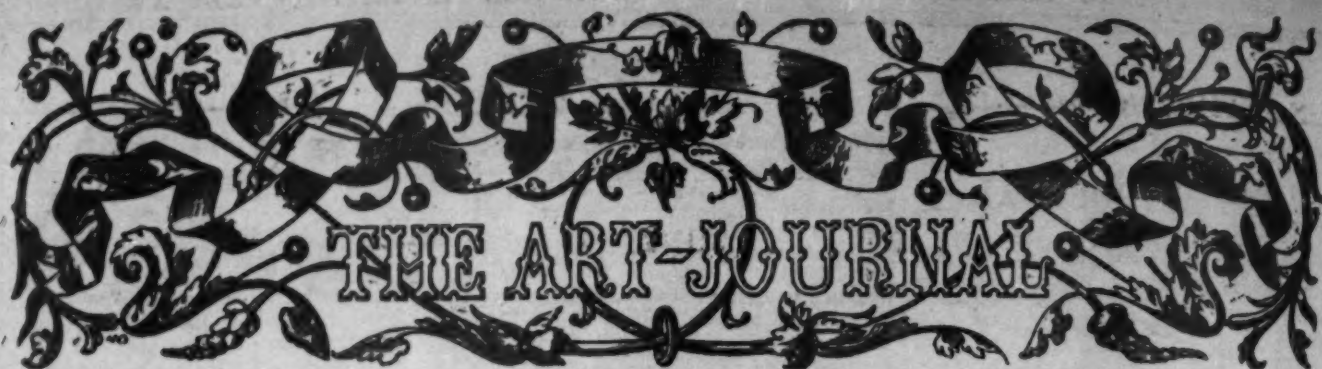


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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. THE FIRST DAY OF OYSTERS. Engraved by G. GREATHACH, from the Picture by G. SMITH, in the Collection of W. BASHALL, Esq., Preston.
2. STRANDED VESSEL OFF YARMOUTH. Engraved by R. BRANDARD, from the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., in the National Gallery.
3. SMYRNA. Engraved by J. B. ALLEN, from the Picture by T. ALLOW, in the Collection of G. VIRTUE, Esq.

1. THE ROYAL ACADEMY:—EXHIBITION	PAGE 105	8. OBITUARY:—HENRY HESS	PAGE 122
2. STRANDED VESSEL OFF YARMOUTH. THE PICTURE BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.	116	9. THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA MINOR:—SMYRNA. BY THE REV. J. C. M. BELLW	123
3. THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS:—EXHIBITION	117	10. THE SCULPTURES IN THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL GARDENS	125
4. THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS:—EXHIBITION	119	11. THE FIRST DAY OF OYSTERS. THE PICTURE BY G. SMITH	126
5. THE ART-UNION OF LONDON:—ANNUAL MEETING	120	12. ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES	126
6. PICTURE SALES:—THE BICKNELL COLLECTION	121	13. MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH	126
7. THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, CONSTANTINOPLE	122	14. REVIEWS	128

THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION 260—280

THE HARD WOODS USED IN TURNERY AND WOOD-ENGRAVING. BY P. L. SIMMONDS (Concluded).

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We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address, but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

The Office of the Editor of the ART-JOURNAL is 13, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, where all Editorial communications are to be addressed. Letters, &c., for the Publishers should be forwarded to 26, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JUNE 1, 1863.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Royal Academy is now on its trial. A royal commission is at this moment sitting to inquire into the conduct of its schools, the management of its exhibitions, the administration of its funds, the tenure of its present habitation or its ultimate removal to another dwelling. This investigation, we believe, will result in additional strength to the Academy itself, yet in the meantime a severe ordeal must be passed through. The commissioners have called before them, as witnesses, authorities the best accredited in the country; yet perhaps the most trenchant testimony of all is afforded by the annual exhibitions, of which the last, in an unbroken series of ninety-five, now falls under our review. By this pictorial result, placarded on the walls before us, we can judge of what the Academy has done, or may have failed to accomplish. Let it be granted, then, that the prestige and the power of the institution are, in great degree, still maintained, yet does this very collection bear somewhat hostile testimony as to the efficient performance of grave public duties. The Royal Academy, like our national Church, must be widely and wisely inclusive; the genius of the country should obtain at its hands not only toleration, but justice, and hearty welcome. Now we must say that the monopoly enjoyed by the forty Academicians to the best places on the line, however possibly bad may be their pictures, is a tyranny and a wrong. Look round the present exhibition, and count one by one—nay reckon up by the dozens, performances paraded in places of honour, which, were it not for the vested rights of membership, would have had to endure oblivion and neglect. Think that for every such picture enjoying prescriptive privilege, positive, and indeed often painful, injustice has been inflicted elsewhere; that works by men struggling nobly for position are consigned to places which prove their condemnation; that artists through long years sicken in hope deferred; and that the Academy itself—pandering, though it may be unconsciously, to the personal purposes of a clique—fails to expand to the true and wide interests of the nation. Thus there cannot be a question that each recurring annual exhibition rises, as we have said, in hostile evidence to that which it is scarcely too much to designate a cruel monopoly and mal-administration. Furthermore, while this annual exhibition ever maintains a certain academic dignity, we must observe that, for the most

part, the works exhibited do not reach that noble national standard we have a right to demand. A Royal Academy is scarcely in any country needed for small, pretty, and neat pictures of incident, or for accurate transcripts from charming English fields, lanes, and hedgerows. Academies of drawing, and schools of anatomy, perspective, and of painting, must perform more arduous tasks, and be tested in their efficiency or condemned for their inutility, by culminating products demanding severe and well-directed training. Now, whatever be the merits of our English pictures—and they are avowedly many—certainly the works which the Academy is able to display, either from the ranks of its members or of its students, tell little in praise of the teaching in its schools. And this tuition, if we may judge from the exhibitions of recent years, is growing worse instead of better. We live in a day of small things. The great thoughts which moved to noble ambition in the breasts of Reynolds, Fuseli, Barry, and others of our first Academicians, have all but died out. Hilton and Etty, who handed down the traditions of high Art to our own time, are departed, and the few men still animated by kindred fire, are quickly passing the meridian of life. Of this decadence, the present exhibition, in common with its predecessors, affords, with few saving exceptions, melancholy proof. It is time then that the Royal Commission, and the subsequent action of the government thereon, should come to the rescue. The schools of the Academy call for reorganisation, and we entertain no doubt that the Academy itself, and these its annual exhibitions, will gather power by the consequent reform.

This exhibition, like all others, is necessarily hung without sequence in subject, and a review which should simply follow the numerical list of the catalogue must degenerate into that want of effect known to painters by the term "scattered." To obviate this evil as far as may be, we shall endeavour to make what the French call a *catalogue raisonné* of the contents of the gallery; we shall distribute under distinct headings the diversified works here thrown confusedly together, and so arrive, as far as possible, at a connected system and governing principle. Our first division shall be that of

HIGH ART:

HISTORY—SACRED AND SECULAR.

In all times historic Art has obtained the foremost position, and the reasons are obvious. The subject-matter has dignity in itself, and involves difficulty in its treatment. The argument concerns the destiny of nations, the rise of liberty or the fall of the oppressor, the prosperity of a noble house or the adversity of a family whose ancestry is graven in the country's annals. And when this history touches on the confines of revelation, it gains still further in solemnity, and taxes yet more heavily the artist's powers. And hence we say that historic Art has rightly obtained the first position. It demands dignity of treatment; it involves serious study; it requires a certain lofty stand-point which shall command all time, and thus secure immortality. We need scarcely add that no one picture in the exhibition attains to this somewhat impracticable ideal. Yet such is the standard by which all like ambitious efforts must be judged; and we gladly distinguish in the present collection works which, after their several kinds fulfilling in some measure these conditions, are worthy of no stinted praise.

We cannot more fitly commence our survey than with the noble and mature, though comparatively small, picture, commanding

the post of honour in the Great Eastern Room, painted by A. ELMORE, R.A.—one of the most studied, and indeed tragic, among the scanty list of our historic painters, testified by such works as the 'Tuileries' of a former exhibition. This picture, 'Lucrezia Borgia' (130), small as it is, seizes—by its concentration of intent, its lustrous colour, and the mastery of its execution—the eye, as it were, of the exhibition. Lucrezia, sumptuously dressed in robes—red, blue, yellow, and white—holds in her hand a poison vial; a poisoned ring also is on her finger. Her brow is sternly knit, and her features, of rare beauty and symmetry, are under the tension of desperate resolve. Standing behind, an accomplice with clasped dagger draws aside the arras. Lucrezia stays his hand, and seems to say, "Hush! wait; the moment to strike has not yet come: poison serves better than the sword." The picture is strong in vehemence of passion, intense in colour, and highly wrought in execution.

Mr. GOODALL's journey to the East has yielded abundant harvest. The sketches and studies which he there gathered into his portfolios, each year afford store, whence he takes pictures striking in incident and rich in colour. One season he gave us 'A Nubian Mother and her First-born,' and now to the present Academy he contributes a work which, for simple grandeur, follows as its parallel. The subject is 'The Palm Offering' (515), suggested by a custom known in the East, for a sheikh's widow to bear to the tomb of her husband a palm branch: "She goeth to the grave to weep there." The canvas of this picture is filled by the handsome, we may say even the majestic, figure of an Egyptian woman, painted nearly life-size, carrying on her shoulder, in attitude familiar to travellers, her infant child. The pose and bearing of the body is as noble as that of a Grecian caryatide—indeed, the figure rises to a statuesque simplicity not remote from the grandeur of Michael Angelo. The thick, firm lip might suggest a Libyan sibyl. While the widow wends on her sad and solitary way, the sun has gone down on the desert, and the heaving waste glows as a molten sea under that second and final burst of fire, when day dies like the dolphin. The whole work, figure as well as background, is suffused with the rich yet subdued lustre of colour for which Mr. Goodall has been of late years striving.

The 'Judith' (500), by J. R. HERBERT, R.A., is hung, in some measure, as a companion to Mr. Goodall's widow, but tells as a contrast. Mr. Herbert possibly belongs to that anchorite school which regards positive colour and other blandishments as carnal; certain it is that this work is severe, not to say hard, in its treatment—qualities which must materially detract from its popularity. The drawing, however, that element which, above all others, is most essential in the high walk of Art to which Mr. Herbert is devoted, evinces care and mastery, and the detail of costume has been given with minutest fidelity. The character of "Judith," so often depicted, will at once suggest the arrangement of the picture. The heroine, attired sumptuously, has clasped her sword, and the other hand is already on the bed from which the arm of Holofernes is seen protruding. Her brow is knit with stern resolve, and her arm nerved ready to enact the desperate deed. The picture, though it might have been rendered more pleasing, does not fail of that nobility which usually inheres to Mr. Herbert's works.

'La Toilette des Morts' (124), by E. M. WARD, R.A., is an incident in the tragic life of Charlotte Corday. The scene discloses a gloomy cell in the prison of the Conciergerie. The doomed maiden is seated



with hands clasped convulsively across the knee, and her portrait, by Hauer, stands on the easel. Her finely-chiselled features, renowned for beauty, become wrought with agony, as the jailer enters and bids her prepare for execution. Her full flowing locks, falling in luxuriant curls even to the waist, the ruffian, with shears in hand, is ready to cut off. The purple silk dress has just been cast aside; the victim is draped in white, and she now must robe herself in red, and so make ready for the guillotine. Such is 'La Toilette des Morts,' which Mr. Ward has painted with terrible mastery. The sequel to the story the same artist had previously given, in one of the grandest historic works known to our English school—'Charlotte Corday led to Execution.' The present picture, like its predecessor, is painted with power, and the treatment throughout maintains a broadness and simplicity suited to the solemnity of the subject. By such compositions Mr. Ward joins company with Delacroix, who was greatest when grappling with the drama of history.

'Hogarth's Studio, 1739—on the occasion of the Holiday Visit of the Foundlings to view the Portrait of Captain Coram' (190), also by Mr. Ward, is a contrast to the last work, save in the unimportant coincidence that each picture contains a portrait. 'Thomas Coram, the grand old sea-captain who spent his fortune in cherishing deserted children,' had his likeness taken by Hogarth. The artist, writing of this well-known picture, says, "The portrait I painted with the most pleasure, and in which I particularly wished to excel, was that of Captain Coram for the Foundling Hospital." The characteristic figure of the old gentleman, as he sits at his ease in his picture, will be remembered by many at the International Exhibition, and may still be seen by any one who will take the trouble of paying a visit to the Foundling Hospital, where some four hundred children, dressed in the costume of last century, as depicted by Mr. Ward, are still maintained and educated by the munificent endowment of good old Captain Coram. Some time in the year 1739 Coram had given to Hogarth a last sitting, and the portrait, finished to the life, yet stood upon the painter's easel. It was a happy thought to let the little Foundlings have a holiday, that they might walk across the fields to the studio of the painter, and there greet the portrait of their kind benefactor. Mr. Ward has chosen as the subject of his composition this auspicious moment. The likeness, as we have said, is on the easel; the globe of the world, which the truth-loving Hogarth had painted with so much care as an accessory suited to the sea-captain, is still in the room, and Coram yet prolongs converse with Hogarth at the door, when the flock of little foundlings, dressed in white prim caps and clean pinafores, swarm into the studio. Their visit, it seems, was not unpremeditated; Mrs. Hogarth gives the children a hearty welcome, and is seen in the act of cutting a cake, while the black waiting-boy brings in the gooseberry wine. Miss Hogarth, with kindness of heart, takes charge of a little invalid, who has scrambled to a chair, the crutches lying on the ground. The foundlings crowd quickly round the portrait, and a thrill of childlike enthusiasm evidently seizes on the eager infant critics. Some are silent in wonder, others have been voluble in praise, and one among the number, mistaking, it may be, the portrait for the live original, presents to the picture a nosegay of spring flowers which she has just gathered from the hedgerows. Mr. Ward has told this story with a detail in the incident and a clearness in the narrative which Hogarth

himself could not have surpassed. The difficulties of the costume have been surmounted, and the somewhat distracting multitude of figures and accessories which crowd the canvas the artist has succeeded in marshalling into order and unity. The entire work, indeed, is treated with remarkable power and mastery; each figure is strong in individual character, and even minor details are pronounced with an actual reality. The subject so happily selected forms an interesting page in the chronicles of our country—a chapter in our history which will be eagerly connoed over by the public, and that the more widely when the picture obtains, as it will do, still further diffusion through the medium of line engraving.

The identical place which three years since was occupied by Mr. PHILLIP's picture of 'The Marriage of the Princess Royal,' is this season held by a work from the same studio which attracts no less attention, 'The House of Commons, 1860' (67). Here, in the words of Lord Palmerston at the Academy dinner, people may see what kind of thing the House of Commons is, and go back edified by the sight, without the trouble of obtaining an order, or without being bored by dull speeches. The subject, however, is beset with proverbial difficulties—difficulties of costume, colour, and composition; but the artist's treatment, which for skill obtains universal applause, has mastered in great degree these embarrassments. Such a picture had to reconcile truth with history, and precise accuracy of portraiture with a pleasing pictorial effect; and in spite of these sometimes incompatible requisitions, the painter has obtained a result which leaves but little to be desired. Every visitor to the Academy searches with inquiring eye for the well-known leaders of the Commons. Attention is first caught by the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, standing in act of addressing the House; and on his right are distinguished the late Sir George Lewis, Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Sir George Grey, and Sir Charles Wood. Somewhat behind is recognised the Nestor head of Sir James Graham, now, like the late Minister of War, a link which carries this contemporary record already into the regions of past history. Standing a little in the background rise the figures of the Right Hon. Mr. Cardwell, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, and Lord Elcho. Looking to the opposition bench we at once discover Mr. Disraeli, Lord Stanley, General Peel, Sir Bulwer Lytton, with others. The assembly is presided over by the Speaker from his chair, for whom the picture has been executed. The ease and the freedom with which these groups have been disposed round the table of the House, as the centre of the composition, merit commendation. The table itself, while kept duly subordinate, is used as a field on which the painter manoeuvres the forces of his palette. The introduction of bright colour, which is necessarily wanting to other passages in the picture, is here seen to be most adroit. The gold mace supplies an invaluable mass of yellow, and enlivening red is sought for in the leather dispatch boxes of the ministers. Greatly to be admired likewise, as a piece of painting, are the blue books, the statutes, and other parliamentary papers with which the nearer end of the table is covered. The execution of the entire work is broad, and even sketchy; and the simple, easy way in which results are obtained is subject of some marvel. This facility, however, has, we think, been relied on too exclusively, especially in the painting of the heads, which certainly, in some instances, might have been improved upon by further detail. It is interesting, though perhaps unfair to both

works, to compare the life-size portrait of "the Right Honourable the Speaker," painted by Mr. Grant, with the rendering of the same head by Mr. Phillip. The two pictures, either by coincidence or design, follow the one immediately on the other in the catalogue, and they are equally close neighbours on the wall. 'Aqua Bendita' (23), the remaining contribution of Mr. Phillip, displays his accustomed manly mastery.

Mr. O'NEIL for the moment forsakes the vigorous and literal naturalism to which, for some years, he was given when he achieved his signal success, the picture of 'Eastward Ho,' and now reverts, with gathered and matured powers, to the poetry evinced in his earlier compositions, among which we would ever bear in memory that impressive scene, 'Mozart on his Death-bed giving Directions for the Performance of his last Requiem.' To the present Academy Mr. O'Neil contributes a broadly and firmly painted work, set, as it were, in kindred key of harmony, to which he assigns as a fitting title, 'The Power of Music' (398). The story is this: Stradella, a name well known in the annals of Italian melody, marrying secretly a lady of high rank, fled from Venice to escape the vengeance of her relations. Hired assassins were despatched in pursuit of the offender, when, finding him in a church singing at the organ, they are overpowered by the beauty of the strain, and skulk away subdued. Such is the incident which Mr. O'Neil here seeks to celebrate. Stradella bears a noble countenance, after the Italian type, of dark hair and rich complexion, here made crudely ruddy, lighted by a full, flashing eye. His lady leans fondly on his shoulder, softened by the love spell of melody.

'An Episode in the Life of Mary Queen of Scots,' furnishes Mrs. E. M. WARD with a good subject for a charming picture (366). Mary Queen of Scots, we are told, quitted Stirling Castle on the morning of Wednesday, the 23rd of April, unconscious that she was then to take her last farewell of the royal domain and of her infant and only child. Mrs. Ward has seized upon the thrilling incident. The queen of matchless beauty stands robed in black, calm in mien, yet commanding. Before her, hushed in a cradle, lies her lovely child, which, now claiming her tenderest solicitude, she is about to commit to the keeping of the Earl of Mar. The countess bends over the cradle; the earl, with venerable head uncovered, holding cap in hand, awaits the queen's parting instructions. The accessories, which have been chosen with an eye to historic fidelity, are well put in. The cradle is literally the one in which the infant slept. The cradle-cup seen to the right has upon it the royal arms on one side, and the portrait of the queen on the other; the coverlet, richly embroidered with flowers, and even the carpet, are painted to illusion. But it is for still higher qualities that this work claims our notice. Mary Queen of Scots is a character on which writers and painters have indulged in a sentimentality that has not unfrequently grown sickly. Mrs. Ward—to her praise be it spoken—has escaped this snare. The picture possesses a power which preserves it from the approach of weakness. The queen, by her simplicity, wins sympathy; by the command of her bearing, quiet yet regal, she seems to say she needs not our pity. This is thoroughly a woman's subject, which a woman's heart and hand may best understand and paint.

Mr. CALDERON follows up the achievements of recent years by a picture evincing a thought and maturity of manner which cannot fail to obtain recognition on the next election of new associates. 'The British Embassy in Paris on the day of the Massacre of St. Bar-

tholomew, August 24, 1572' (378), reaches the calm dignity which befits historic narrative. The spectator is introduced to a stately room in the British embassy, and from the windows he may discover the two towers of Notre Dame rising above the other edifices in the city. Sir Francis Walsingham, the English ambassador, had been taken by surprise by the massacre, yet his house was held inviolable; and we are now summoned by the painter to this chief apartment, the sanctuary where our countrymen and countrywomen had sought refuge for safety. Sir Francis, "cautious and crafty and sagacious," walks across the floor, evidently chagrined in finding himself a dupe; yet, though the massacre is raging at its height, his habitual composure does not forsake him. A company, gathered at the window, look with horror on the carnage which welters in the street beneath, and seem to vow revenge. A group of women in the centre of the picture are clasped in agony. Such is the tragedy which Mr. Calderon depicts with a pencil that swerves not one moment from its purpose. The drawing is firm in all material points, but the execution, without descending to utmost finish, might with advantage have shown further detail.

A picture, hung not far distant from the preceding, entitled 'On the Road from Waterloo to Paris' (345), by M. STONE, also claims favourable notice as the advanced work of one among our younger and rising artists. This composition shows the sequel to the defeat at Waterloo. Napoleon, his hat and sword laid on the ground, is resting wearily on a bench, and pondering moodily over a fire in a peasant's cottage. Behind is a group of country-people, the tenants of the rural dwelling, looking curiously on this fallen grandeur. The emperor's escort waits outside the door. On the wall happens to be attached a rude print, probably touching some signal victory, and beneath we read the printed words, "Napoleon le Grand." The picture is painted in the key, "Vanity of vanities," and is altogether well conceived. The execution, however, must be pronounced halting and unequal, as if the work indeed were unfinished. The forms and cast of the drapery are not sufficiently made out, and the underlying figure is not indicated beneath the garb. Altogether, however, the picture has fairly won the place of honour it has obtained upon the line.

Another historic work, hung close at hand, 'Robespierre receiving Letters from the Friends of his Victims which threaten him with Assassination' (353), by W. H. FISK, also merits passing comment for the especial care in its painting. This scourge of God, seated in a luxurious chamber, is seen reading a letter, his lips pressed together in fierce resolve, his brows knit with anger. In his hat float tricolour feathers, and round his waist is bound a tricolour sash. The whole canvas is worked up with the minuteness of a miniature, and thus the breadth and the grandeur required for a historic work are frittered away in dotted detail. This is the defect; otherwise Mr. Fisk's picture—true to the character depicted, even to the pitch of the repulsive—possesses merit.

'The Meeting of Sir Thomas More with his Daughter after his Sentence to Death' (522), by W. F. YEAMES, is a well managed composition of varied incident and touching pathos. Sir Thomas More is seen just as he has passed one of the Tower gates, surrounded by a guard bearing halberds. Anxious groups have gathered together, tarrying for the prisoner's coming; and the chronicle goes on to tell us that as soon as this good man's daughter—herself one among the crowd—saw her father approaching, she

hastened towards him, without consideration or care for herself, and pressing in among the company of the guards, she ran up to him, and there openly in the sight of them all embraced him, and took him about the neck and kissed him. The moment chosen by Mr. Yeames shows the lady, young and delicate as she was, rushing with outstretched hands into her father's arms. In vain the guards strive to hold her back. The story is simply and clearly told, and the painting sufficiently careful. This picture is the more commendable inasmuch as it relies on character and expression, and is free, with the exception perhaps of some flaunting reds, from all adventitious blandishments. Mr. Yeames may be added to the list of those advancing artists who give promise to the future.

Mr. PRINCEP evidently belongs to that company of artists called Pre-Raphaelite, and rejoices, like his brethren, in a perplexed mystery. It was, we think, Mr. Walter Savage Landor who said that in literature there were writers of a certain class who are profound merely as muddy water, not because they had real depth, but only a cloudy obscurity. And so there may be painters—we do not say that Mr. Princep is one of them—who love to place their subject in a fog, which a wondering multitude is expected to gaze into as if it were the infinite sublime. These enigmas are occasionally happy, as when Mr. Millais put a picture on the walls involving a critical dilemma touching a certain letter, and gave in the catalogue no further clue than the ambiguous words, 'Trust me.' The question was of course asked—"Trust whom? and why and wherefore? and what may be the consequences?" Every one paused for a reply, and had in the end to give the riddle up. Now, when a painter is fortunate enough to know what he means himself, it seems cruel towards the public to withhold the needed word of explanation. Moreover, we must say that this asking of conundrums upon canvas, of which we have had enough—a practice which in these remarks we would wish to discourage—is little better than a trick, and certainly taxes none but the lower faculties of the mind. The work by Mr. Princep (423) that has served as occasion for the unburdening of our thoughts, is, however, in itself not without nobility. Of its precise intent—wanting express declaration in the catalogue—we are still unfortunately left only to our best conjectures. At first sight we thought we had come upon a modern habiliement of an old story, the calumny of Apelles, a subject revived in the middle ages by Botticelli and others. However, we are led to believe that Mr. Princep intends to depict nothing more recondite than the quarrel of two lovers: what if they should prove Launcelot and Guinevere! A lady, moved to proud disdain, is seen descending a palatial flight of stairs; a gentleman, not less princely in his attire and mien, stands at the foot looking daggers. The lovers pass without recognition. At the top of the picture we discover a gay company looking at the painful scene with curious wonder. These subordinate passages, which ought to retire into distance, obtrude with a force which leaves the composition in confusion. The unity of chiar-oscuro has been sacrificed; and all this arises from the painter having sought a power and a brilliancy which were not content to surrender one iota of intensity or colour. The colour indeed throughout is rapturous, and yet well balanced in its harmonies, the artist having evidently allied himself to that section of our so-called Pre-Raphaelite painters who follow the earlier masters of the school of

Venice. As a consequence of this predilection the outlines are left somewhat hard. It was, however, by no means a further inevitable sequence that the recognised anatomical proportions of the human figure should have been set at naught, and that the handling should have a show which close examination proves fallacious. We have not spared the defects in Mr. Princep's picture; we may, however, in conclusion say that the power it displays should at no distant day secure for its painter an illustrious position.

The works of Mr. DOBSON are exceptional in a school which is, for the most part, given over to literal and vigorous naturalism. He is one of the few painters among the ranks of our English artists who show unmistakable signs of foreign culture. In the works of Mr. Dobson we recognise somewhat of the purity, the beauty, and the quietism which come as the reflex from Italian masters; and having spent much of our time in Italy, we are so old-fashioned as still to abide by the notion that at least within the sphere of sacred subjects the Italians should be taken as our exemplars. Thus much for the school to which Mr. Dobson is allied. We now pass to his present picture, 'The Holy Family Returned from Egypt' (340), which may be accepted as a favourable example of his manner. St. Joseph, the young Child, and his mother have just come in from their long journey, and their small stores have been unpacked. "He came," says the sacred record, "and dwelt in a city called Nazareth." From the outer wall women and children gaze searchingly, and on the further extremity to the right is seated a mother with her children selling doves. Hills crown the distance, the mountains which bound the sea of Galilee. Mr. Dobson has adopted the Bedouin as distinguished from the Raphael-esque costume. It may also be worthy of remark, that he has given to St. Mary, St. Joseph, and the youthful Saviour, light hair and fair complexion. As a rendering—also an exception to the accepted treatment—St. Joseph has the advantage of comparative youth. This studiously wrought work, one of a series of Biblical subjects designed for publication, is executed under a commission given by Messrs. Graves.

The pictures which of all others give most trouble and anxiety to the critic, are perhaps those usually contributed by Mr. Millais and Mr. Leighton, works often so diversified in manner, and not unfrequently presenting such startling anomalies, as to set at naught the accepted canons which guide the public judgment. In the present year Mr. LEIGHTON contributes, as heretofore, pictures which divide the world between censure and praise. Of his largest work we may at least say, that there is scarcely another picture in the entire exhibition which takes a historic range so ambitious. Even to fail in a path so arduous were scarcely a disgrace. We are glad, however, at once to recognise the presence of great power in this life-size composition, to which we read the following description,—'Jezebel and Ahab, having caused Naboth to be put to death, go down to take possession of his vineyard; they are met at the entrance by Elijah the Tishbite' (382). Yet the general effect of this grand attempt, perhaps in some measure from the repulsive nature of the subject, is certainly not pleasing. "Jezebel" the artist has truly painted up to that infamy of character which has made her name a byword. Elijah scarcely receives his due; he is massive and heavy, being pictured as one who could not easily be taken up to heaven. The sacred record, however, the artist has followed with sufficient fidelity. But the subject, we repeat, is so repellant of sympathy,

that it has placed Mr. Leighton to disadvantage. The power, however, which he brings to its mastery cannot be questioned, and among the difficulties of drawing which he has overcome, we would specially direct attention to the detailed study of the anatomy of a fore leg, where the sharply articulated knee-joint, with its patella, is pronounced with unusual knowledge. The colour which Mr. Leighton has adopted, is allied to the Italian. We detect, for example, the broad, positive masses of the Roman school, under mitigation of the softer tertiaries known in the Bolognese. This picture is probably the artist's best since 'The Cimabue Procession'; and the firmness and force which he has here attained, prove, let us hope, that the more dreamy style to which he is often addicted is but a passing freak of genius.

We must crave pardon for the length to which this criticism has run. Mr. Leighton's pictures, however, whether by their defects or their merits, cannot be disposed of in few words. His remaining works, though more strictly falling under subsequent classifications, may, for convenience, be taken here. 'A Girl feeding Peacocks' (429) is after Mr. Leighton's more dreamy manner, and must be admired, if at all, as a vision, essentially of colour. There is here indeed a lavish profusion of fancy-scattered beauties—a play of exquisite lines which only Mr. Leighton's pencil might venture to indulge in. But the artist has failed to husband and marshal his resources. His dazzling effects he showers down and diffuses without sequence or consistency. Even a dream, which in fact this is not, must have its method and its reason. 'A Girl with a basket of Fruit' (406) belongs to the same school, but as the painter had here simply to work out a study from an actual model, the poetry of his fancy could scarcely run riot. This lovely head may be deemed by some not wholly free from affectation, yet insensible indeed must be the eye which cannot recognise the beauty of the lines, or delight in the delicacy of the grey tones, seen especially in the subtle modelling of the shoulder.

For the sake of brevity we must throw several works into one paragraph. Mr. T. HEAPHY has been fortunate in the choice of a subject—the difficulties and the poverty attendant on struggling genius. Kepler, the great astronomer, we are told, living in Venice in absolute want, was in the habit of going about the streets taking observations, his wife making notes and sketches by his side of the planets which his telescope discovered. Mr. Heaphy has depicted this scene (006). A crowd, gaily dressed, and loud in uproar, disturbs the philosopher at his labours; a lady among the company, mistaking Kepler for an astrologer, advances with open hand, wishing to be told her fortune. The composition is showy, and many of the details and some among the heads are exceedingly well painted. The difficulties, however, in this complex subject—as in the management of foreground figures, the wife of the astronomer, for example—are not wholly overcome.—As a contrast to this last work may be mentioned a simple, impressive picture, abstemious of display, 'The Burial of a Christian Martyr in the time of Nero' (022), by E. ARMITAGE. The scene is laid in the catacombs, and the body of a youth, bearing the marks of a violent death, is borne by attendants to one of the simple graves excavated in the galleries and subterranean chapels found beneath the city of Rome. This picture displays great knowledge, especially in the cast of the drapery, and attains to the simple dignity consonant with historic Art. We presume that the somewhat painful character of the subject, coupled

possibly with the want of completeness in the carrying out, of which we can scarcely judge in the present position of the picture, have denied the work a place on the line, to which by essential merit it was certainly entitled.

—In the present enumeration we must not forget Mr. HODGSON's 'First Sight of the Armada' (569). The hundred sails of the enemy are seen looming in the sunset horizon, and peasants and troops on an English headland, catching the alarm, put fire to the ready prepared beacon. The agitation of the scene seems to extend even to the sky.—Mr. HAYLLAR has given a fancy title, 'Life or Death' (628), to a historic subject, by which assuredly he does not add to the importance of his picture, which possesses, indeed, great merit. Cromwell, says the memorials of the times, sent orders for Major-General Langhorne, Colonel Poyer, and Colonel Powell, to draw lots which of them should die. Mr. Hayllar has told this tragic incident with broad lucidity. He draws with a firm hand, and having mastered the greatest difficulty in his art, he will doubtless learn to overcome a certain inequality of execution which puts his work to disadvantage. 'The Rival Queens' (431), by D. W. WYNFIELD, is marked by richness of colour and elaboration in execution.—'The War Summons, 1485—To my well-beloved John Paston be this bill delivered in haste' (716), painted by G. D. LESLIE, is conceived with refinement, but if executed with greater power the work would gain additional value. Lastly, 'The Cross of Edinburgh, 11th August, 1600' (633), by J. DRUMMOND, representing King James VI. publicly returning thanks at the Market Cross for his escape from treason, may be mentioned as a historic work finished with a detail of which even Gerard Dow might have been envious.

SUBJECTS POETIC AND IMAGINATIVE.

The section just closed deals with facts; the division on which we now enter delights in fiction. The distinction between the two departments, even in the province of literature, is obvious—as marked indeed as that of Shakspeare's *Richard* contrasted with his *Midsommer Night*. And this territory of romance on which we are here treading, or rather over which painters and poets float as on wings, is verily the land of dreams, and the artist in approaching its confines may be pardoned should he find himself raised above the low level of earth by a certain buoyant inflation of his fancy. How far and when the painter must, in the treatment of such subjects, touch upon this solid globe, the world, and at what moment he should permit the grosser framework of mortality to melt and dissolve itself, as it were, into a dew, must depend on the boldness of his genius and upon the texture of his subject in its nerve, sinew, and spirit. Madness even here should not run absolute riot, for moderation must rein in the excess of folly. In the history of Art we find abundant illustration of this soaring imagination, this leaving of earth for the regions of the sky. Among the marbles of the Parthenon there is the figure of winged Victory, the concord of each line telling of subtlest harmonies; throughout the middle ages, moreover, we have the ministration of saints and angels, culminating in the 'Sibyls,' the 'Last Judgment,' and the 'Theology' of Raphael and of Michael Angelo; and coming down to our own times, we may quote the 'Battle of the Huns,' by Kaulbach, a boldly imaginative work, where the spirits of slain and sleeping warriors rise to renew their fight in the upper air. For the justification of pictures mounting into this poetic sphere we have a right to demand elevation in the forms, aided, as

far as may be, by the presence of preternatural light and shadow, and the play of a phantom colour. That most impossible of all combinations, the union of a Raphael with a Turner might attain these ideal desiderata. Wanting this miracle of manhood, we may in the meanwhile be satisfied that our English school has known its Etty. The works which we shall now proceed to criticise are, for the most part, conceived in sober mood, and when contrasted with the bolder creations known to foreign countries and former epochs, will be found to pertain rather to the earth, and to appeal to our simply perceptive faculties.

Mr. MILLAIS can indulge in fact or fiction, in literal truth or fantastic fancy, just as he may list. In 'The Eve of St. Agnes' (287) he has certainly had the honour of painting the best abused picture of the season. This is a deliberately defiant work, reckless of consequences in the opposition it may provoke. Taken from one of Keats' most lovely poems, the subject has the advantage of an already awakened sympathy in its favour: but we approach the picture and start back with astonishment. This amazement, however, may be just the result which the painter desired to achieve among his crowd of eagerly gazing spectators. Certain it is that the artist has escaped at least the neglect which attends on commonplace. For the description of the composition we cannot do better than take the lines of Keats. It is the eve of St. Agnes, when maidens are wont to dream of absent lovers. The wintry moon is just shedding floods of silver light into the gloomy bed-chamber. And the lady, "her vespers done," "loosens her fragrant bodice,"—

"By degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees;
Half hidden, like a mermaid, in seaweed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled."

The painter has the merit of having kept literally to his text, and many passages in the picture, let us frankly admit, are worthy of highest eulogy. Even the power of riveting the attention of the world, and holding captive the possessed imagination,—a sway and a spell which Mr. Millais has not unseldom exercised in such works, for example, as 'The Vale of Rest' and 'Sir Iseabram,'—this power we say of depicting a sensation drama, which shall create a creeping thrill in every nerve, is certainly not a faculty given to every painter. But the path is perilous. Yet many passages in this astounding work are, we repeat, worthy of applause. The shower of moonlight shed over the darkness of the chamber, giving a spectral, ghost-like radiance to the maiden's phantom form, is an effect well conceived and skilfully carried out. Again, the opalesque colour and the pearly lighting up of the jewelled dress rustling to the knees in ample folds, are magical in effect, and can scarcely be surpassed for free, sketchy, and suggestive execution. All this, and likewise the painting of the silver casket shedding its borrowed light upon the surrounding gloom, are admirable. But on the other hand, the execution of those regions in the canvas which are to tell for vacant nothings, passages which in the art of painting, as in the kindred sphere of literary composition, test and tax the artist's or the writer's skill often to perplexity—such portions in Mr. Millais' composition,—the bed-hangings for example,—are thrown off with a carelessness which has all the ill aspect of being positively slovenly. Again—and we now approach a matter more grave—the flesh tints are not those of a lady seeing a ghost merely, they are suggestive rather of a body rising in grave-clothes, already tainted by corruption. Lastly, the lady herself is

made little short of ugly, certainly an unpardonable blunder in the illustration of a poet who penned the rapturous lines familiar and beloved as household words: "A thing of beauty"—we need not pursue the quotation farther. This courting of forms repellent is the capital vice of that school of which Mr. Millais is the illustrious representative. The modern Pre-Raphaelites have become so far emancipated from the eccentricities by which they were in early days ensnared, that in the end, we feel assured, good sense and sound reason must set their genius free, and that for them, as for all earnest minds, it will become a blessed conviction that the truest truth is ever beautiful, and the most lovely beauty is always truthful.

For the sake of unity we will take all Mr. Millais' pictures together, though strictly speaking his two remaining works belong to our subsequent divisions. One of the happiest works this artist has ever painted is called 'My First Sermon' (7). Nothing can be more delightfully simple or more thoroughly artistic than the face, attitude, and dress of this little girl seated in a church pew, eyes riveted on the preacher, her infant mind drinking in every word. Pointing to this picture, the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his speech at the Academy dinner said, that the hearts of all of us should grow enlarged and we should feel the happier "by the touching representations of the playfulness, the innocence, and might he not add (pointing to Millais' picture of 'My First Sermon'), the piety of childhood." The third contribution by Mr. Millais he has christened 'The Wolf's Den' (498). This wolf's den is in fact found in a drawing-room, the den itself being the recess or retreat formed by a grand piano, and the wolves nothing else than four children, who, having thrown on their backs rugs covered with the skins of wild animals, are playfully acting the wolf upon all fours, their hands clasped like claws, their brows knit savagely. Kaulbach in his famed transformations of animals and of children has scarcely interwoven the two natures more happily together. In these last two works of Mr. Millais, which we believe represent the artist's own children, all the world is recognising a truth, a charming simplicity, and a winning beauty.

A central and conspicuous position is rightly given to a single figure by Mr. FRITH, R.A., 'Juliet' (100) at the balcony, her hand upon her cheek, while her full gemmed eyes look tenderly into the moonlight sky. It was at that hour that Romeo came, though here unseen.

"Romeo. Oh that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
Juliet. Ah, me!"

The execution of this picture does not pretend to be otherwise than sketchy, but the touch is that of a master-hand, and the style and spirit are consonant with Shakspeare's most poetic of romances.

A picture by Mr. POOLE, R.A., is always a poem; and his works are often most pleasing when they approach nearest to a pastoral. The scene here chosen (191) is the love-making between two peasants of Arcadia. A noble youth of ardent countenance, reddened by the sun, reclining by a well-side, tells his fortune and urges his suit to a shepherdess spinning, while she lends attentive ear. The flocks are seen reposing under an olive grove in the distance. This picture is scarcely painted with Mr. Poole's usual care, or forced up to his accustomed intensity of colour. There must surely be something wrong in the drawing of the girl's figure, as indicated by the bend of drapery at the knee. Yet these are minor points in a work so noble, and altogether so agreeable.

Mr. MARKS, whose name must ever be honoured, were it only for 'The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model' and 'Dogberry's Charge to the Watch,' of former exhibitions, this year paints a picture which proposes to propound 'How Shakspeare Studied' (261). We do not know precisely why it is that scarcely a portrait ever attempted of the great dramatist has succeeded in satisfying a student conversant with the poet's writings—creations which, perhaps, reveal a genius whereof the bodily features can be but the mask. At all events, among many like attempts, this last made by Mr. Marks is not the most fortunate. The figure of the poet wants power, command, presence, and a certain attempted refinement subtracts proportionably from trenchant character. The idea of the picture, however, is a happy one. Shakspeare, the faithful chronicler of human nature, is seen seated in the retreat of an overhanging house, taking his outlook upon the world as it wags in the busy street. He is, in his mind's eye, sketching from the life those personages that will move again within his plays. We have seen, we repeat, Mr. Marks in greater strength; yet his works, like the text he illustrates, are always pronounced in pointed character, and faithful to literal truth. Other pictures, and not a few, borrowed from the pages of our national dramatist, will be found as usual in this our national exhibition. We may enumerate among others—'Desdemona's intercession for Cassio' (73), by H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A., and 'Ferdinand and Miranda' (37), by F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A., both painted with care; also 'Juliet and the Nurse' (324), by R. S. STANHOPE, betraying mediæval influences, probably reflected from the works of Leys, famous in the International Exhibition.—'Hermione' (402), by W. M. EGLEY, is noteworthy for queen-like command, softened into tender refinement:

"Leontes. But we came
To see the statue of our queen:
***** Oh thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands), when first I woo'd her!"
Winter's Tale.

A picture called 'Music' (60), by S. A. HART, R.A., is not without a certain soft gentleness of sentiment suited to the subject.—'Ariadne' (523), by G. F. WATTS, is a figure of much appropriate desolation. The pose of the body is graceful in line; the colour blushes into richness in its varied harmonies. The work, however, wants decision: a pronounced line or a determined shadow inserted somewhere would do it infinite service. Mr. FROST contributes a few small specimens of his beauty-loving art, some being sketches for larger pictures. 'The Graces and Loves' (145), though in miniature, serve to reflect and to recall his line of subject and usual manner, caught from the poetry of the ancient mythologies.

PORTRAITS.

It is usual to disparage the Academy assemblage of portraits, if not for their quality, at least by reason of their inordinate number. Yet we need scarcely say that some of the most illustrious works in the history of Art have been nothing more than likenesses of contemporaries. It is sufficient to enumerate the famed head of Gervartius, by Vandyke, in our National Gallery—the pictures of Leo X. and of Julius II., by Raphael—not to forget Velasquez's grand paintings of the Spanish Ferdinands—to show, if proof were needed, that portraiture may rise to the dignity of the noblest Art. And the styles in which a portrait may be painted are as various as the modes in which a biography may be written. Our English painters have, for the most part, derived their manner from

the works of foreign masters. Nothing can be more direct, indeed, than the descent to which our native artists can lay claim. The pedigree dates back to Vandyke, in the court of Charles I.; then follow, in a line of decadence, Lely, the royal painter to Charles II.; and Kneller, created a baronet by George I., till we come to the era of revival under a native artist—Reynolds, knighted by George III., and, as we all know, first President of our Academy. This historic descent sufficiently designates the style into which English painters have fallen. The English school of portraiture is allied to that of Flanders and of Venice for colour; in common with the masters of the greatest epochs, it adopts breadth, and sometimes boldness of treatment; it throws into shadowed darkness the background, which is oftentimes, however, adorned by balcony, column, or curtain; it sinks into subordination—consonant with the teaching and practice of Reynolds—drapery and other accessories, in order to bestow enhanced importance upon the face and the hands. The sins which such methods and maxims may beget, especially among inferior practitioners, are but too evident; indeed, not without justice, has it sometimes been said, that better would it have been for our English school had Holbein shared rule with Vandyke. Accordingly, of late years, a reaction has set in, and thus the present Academy contains works of which a Denner, a Van Eyck, or a Memling might approve. We have concisely summed up the technical and material characteristics of the art. It remains for us to add, that each portrait, no less than each sitter, has an inner and a higher life; that mind speaks through the features; that manners mark the bearing, that every line across the brow, each wrinkle on the cheek, is the handwriting of years, the impress of thought, the stamp, it may be, of virtue.

After the old and approved manner of our English school of portrait painting, we find works by Sir Watson Gordon, R.A., Francis Grant, R.A., John P. Knight, R.A., H. W. Pickersgill, R.A., and George Richmond, A., each maintaining the individual style to which these several academicians have become habituated. Among the multitude of portraits contributed by these and other painters, it will, of course, be possible only to indicate a few which possess special interest, either from the notoriety enjoyed by the sitter, or from the skill displayed by the artist himself. A picture which, on both these grounds, has attracted marked observation, is the full-length portrait of 'The Right Honourable the Speaker of the House of Commons' (68), by Mr. GRANT. Mr. Denison is here seen in his robes of office. The background to the stately figure is worthy of note as an accurate transcript from the panelled chamber along which the Speaker daily passes to his seat in the House. We may also mention as a work in Mr. Grant's best style—a manner quiet and grey, emphasized when possible by a black dress, a treatment practised with the same intention by the great portrait painters of Holland—we may, we say, as a favourable example of these qualities, call attention to the noble figure of 'The Viscountess of Fife' (155), a figure so well in relief from the background, that in the words of Reynolds, we might almost run round it.—Among other great men who adorn the walls of the exhibition we should give prominence to the late Sir G. Cornewall Lewis (135). The portrait of this statesman, painted by Mr. H. WRIGHT, obtained recognition in the speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the Academy dinner. "That man," said his Grace, "is, I think, little to be envied who can pass

through these rooms and go forth without being in some sense a better man; . . . we may here trace the lineaments of the great and the good who have departed from this earthly scene, when their place knoweth them no more—lineaments in which we recognise the sagacious intellect, the profound thought, the transparent probity, recorded for the instruction and admiration of those who shall come after."—Among other portraits which gain additional interest through the illustrious names they bear, we may mention that of 'Mr. George Peabody' (200), by Mr. H. W. PICKERSGILL—neutral in colour, quiet in character, and careful in execution.—Likewise we may enumerate likenesses of 'Viscount Palmerston' (612), by Mr. MORRIS; 'Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe' (214), by Mr. GRAVES; 'His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury' (61), by Mr. RICHMOND, A.; 'The Rev. Charles Kingsley' (614), by Mr. DICKINSON; 'Mr. Robert Keeley' (615), painted for the Garrick Club, by Mr. H. O. NEIL, A.; and 'The Rt. Hon. Stephen Lushington' (613), by Mr. W. HOLMAN HUNT—of which last work, challenging express criticism, we shall have a word to say in the sequel. As good examples of Sir WATSON GORDON's vigorous and manly manner, which, after its kind, is not to be surpassed, we put in the catalogue special marks of admiration against the portraits of 'Mr. Archibald Bennett' (125), and of 'Mr. R. W. Blencowe' (315). Of the value inherent in subdued neutral tones, the portrait of 'Lady Orde' (133), by Mr. THORBURN, A., is a proof. The quiet manner of Mr. RICHMOND, A., may be seen to advantage in the head of 'Mrs. Francis Trench' (24); and 'Portraits' (652), by Mr. W. E. ORCHARDSON, are to be greatly commended for their simple truth of nature, guileless of ostentation.—The face of a little girl, under the fancy title of 'A First Sitting' (108), by Mr. W. FISHER, is exquisite for simplicity, and as an Art product is much to be commended for the rounding and modelling of the features into fleshy relief, without the vulgar appliances of forced shadows.

We have just treated of the good, old, plain, steady going school of portraiture; we will now touch upon the style which sometimes seeks to startle by striking effect. Mr. SART, A., may be quoted as a good example of this more modern method. He is fond of connecting his sitters with some pretty incident; he makes his subjects relate a story; and for this end he throws in accessories much more lively than the prescriptive column and the background of heavy curtains and drapery. As examples of this artist's mode we may quote 'Taking Notes' (727), being a portrait of a lady at a writing-desk; also 'The Daughter of Colonel Jones' (113), a little girl on garden steps gathering passion flowers; likewise 'Portraits' (16), a mother, child, and baby in arms, members of the artist's own family, descending a flight of steps from a studio.—Mr. MACNEE must also be ranked among the number of our painters who seek to give to portraiture the charm of direct pictorial treatment. He has coupled, for example, with his portrait of a mother and child (64), a stanza by Shelley, invoking fancy over "childhood's growth," "that undeveloped flower," "sweetness and sadness interwoven," "source of sweetest hopes and saddest fears!" And in consonance, we may presume herewith, he sheds upon his group chequered sunshine and shadow!

Colour, however, is perhaps the crowning glory of a portrait, as seen, for example, of old, in the heads of Giorgione and of Titian; and colour in its harmony and intensity has never been wanting to our national school. Of this the present exhibition affords good

illustration. Mr. H. T. WELLS, for instance, may be adduced as an artist who has formed his style expressly after the Venetian school. His chief work, 'Mrs. Tippinge' (84), seated in an over capacious apartment, is not, however, of his best. The correspondence between the size of the figure and the space of the background, a point so important to a well-adjusted portrait, is here wanting in symmetric relations, and the work consequently becomes scattered. Mr. Wells, however, is evidently striving after the power possessed by the greatest of the old masters—a strength of tone and of colour, which, if only once attained, will absolutely kill all the chalk and water portraiture with which it may come in contact. We have made Mr. Wells stand as a type of a style which is rising into ascendancy. Other artists, however, are evidently following in the same path in which he is himself walking as a humble disciple.—Not far distant from the picture just quoted, is a study called 'Margherita' (95), by Mr. F. TALFOURD, deep in rich-toned colour, shadowed yet lustrous, after the approved Italian style.—Without coming precisely under the present head, we may here mention a 'Portrait of a Lady' (85), by J. P. KNIGHT, R.A., for the brilliancy of a bright blue dress.—And certainly in the present catalogue of colour we must not omit to mention, culled in some measure from the best exemplars of the great masters, the autograph likeness of 'Mrs. Charles Newton' (484), by Mrs. M. NEWTON, a work by no means descending into elaborate finish, but worthy of note for subtle chromatic relations, especially proved in the complementary contrasts maintained between the blue dress and the emerald green background, a contrast harmonised by the intermingled play of intermediate tones.

The diversities subsisting between the arts of different nationalities clash often as the conflict of hostile races,—colours varying, manners disagreeing, the very spirit rising in discord. And so it is even within the limited confines of the art of portraiture. The few works here sent in by foreign artists seem, when put in contact with our native school, as of alien flesh and blood. They speak in the tongue of strangers; and even so far they seem to bring with them lessons to which it imports us all to listen. All this specially applies to the portrait of 'Madame Hartmann' (129), by H. LEHMANN, a truly remarkable work. Look to the tender modelling of the features, fleshy in downy tissue; admire the subtle drawing of the arm and hand, rising so softly out from the blue dress; study the painting of the dress itself, trimmed with lace, and ornate with satin of the purest water, all executed to perfection. This exquisite portrait is set as a jewel in the centre of the chief wall of the great East Room—an example which artists who have not already irretrievably formed a style, may emulate. Among works of our English school, 'The Viscountess Guillemore' (238), by Mr. BUCKNER, robed in satin, is perhaps the nearest approach to this supreme finish.—'Clara' (204), by Mr. NAPIER, may be commended for softness in the flesh.—The second and remaining portrait from the hand of Mr. LEHMANN, one of the most illustrious names in the contemporary school of Paris, comes as a contrast to the pearly picture already mentioned. 'Madame Henri Lehmann' (474) is painted not in a silvery, not in a golden key, but of a tone more consonant to copper. Yet the colour is quietly kept down, and the whole spirit of the work subdued, so as to remain wholly free from ostentation or offence. The background painted as gold, set with a pattern, gives an effect wholly novel.—Another, and yet again a diverse, example among these foreign schools is afforded by the

portrait of a great man whom we are glad thus to know in the flesh, 'Jerichau, the sculptor of Copenhagen' (562), painted by his wife, Madame Jerichau, also a name of renown. We cannot point to her works as displaying qualities calling for imitation. The colour is somewhat crude, and the execution is not free from rudeness, still let us acknowledge that her pictures possess much vigour.—Yet one more work we must quote as coming from distant lands—the portrait of 'Cardinal Antonelli' (577), by J. L. REILLY, an artist who dates from Rome. The manner is Italian, smooth, in a certain sense refined, but wanting in vigour.

We have said that of late years a new school of portraiture has come in, which though the product of men who by some strange misapprehension have termed themselves "Pre-Raphaelite," is in fact a revival, not of an Italian, but of a Teutonic Art, allied as it is directly to the detail of Van Eyck, Memling, and Denner. The head of 'The Right Hon. Stephen Lushington' (613), by Mr. HOLMAN HUNT, is the most marked exposition of this resuscitated manner. The service which Mr. Woolner conferred on the face of Mr. Tennyson, the Post-Laureate, in his celebrated bust, Mr. Holman Hunt has in like manner bestowed in this picture on the features of Dr. Lushington. Whoever would wish to study the topography of the human countenance, in its declivities or concavities, in its mountain ridges or its ravines cut by the course of time, let him pause here and take his lesson. The result is marvellous; we can scarcely add agreeable. Few men, however, can paint so well as Mr. Hunt the liquid depths of a tranquil eye, with the soul which lies hushed beneath. As a work by the same artist we would just direct attention to 'The King of Hearts' (146), the little fellow dressed richly as a monarch, and dilating his small dimensions as if indeed every inch were kingly. The detail is painted exquisitely.—The present exhibition contains yet another wonder after this kind, and that perhaps the greatest, in the head of 'Mrs. Susannah Rose' (53), painted by Mr. F. SANDYS. Nothing can be more perfect than this portrait, firm and precise in the drawing of every feature, matchless in the mapped exactitude of each detail touched in without effort, and therefore attaining to the greater reality. In the fancy-feigned head of 'Vivien' (707), also by Mr. Sandys, the elaboration of detail has been directed to the consummation of a sumptuous colour. Among the crayon drawings in the South Room we would specially extol the heads of 'The Earl of Shaftesbury' (798), by Mr. G. RICHMOND; 'The Countess of Larnsdorff' (810), by Mr. C. MARTIN; and 'Lady Pollock' (767), by Mr. S. LAURENCE.

SCENES DOMESTIC—GRAVE AND GAY.

England, happy in her homes, and joyous in her hearty cheer, and peaceful in her snug firesides, is equally fortunate in a school of Art sacred to the hallowed relations of domestic life. From the prince to the peasant, from the palace to the cottage, the range in rank is wide; yet the same sentiments—love to God, charity to neighbours, duties to parents and children, sympathy ready to mourn with those who mourn, or to rejoice over those who are glad in heart—these principles and emotions, the outcomings of our universal humanity, have found earnest and literal expression through domestic pictures, which, both by their number and mastery, may almost claim to be national. The public at large naturally bring such compositions to the test of their own experience, and they are right in so doing. The

most skilled critic, indeed, can scarcely do more; for works of this class are successful just as they awaken a dormant sympathy, just in the measure of the response they find within the breast of each one of us, beating to the same pulse of life. The life, indeed, which moves around us and within us is the same life which should live again within these pictorial transcripts. And here we may distinguish two notable divisions in this class of subjects—the natural as contrasted with the artificial. The latter, in literature at least, was more prevalent during the last century than at present: *The School for Scandal* in the drama, and Sir Roger de Coverley and like personages from the *Spectator* and other contemporary works, may be adduced as examples of the genteel comedy and the light sketchy portraiture prevailing at that day. But of late years another era has dawned, or darkened, as the case may be, upon our writers and painters. The characters drawn by Dickens and Thackeray, followed by a host of imitators; the delineations from humble life found in such works as "Alton Lock" and "Adam Bede," exalting into heroism simple virtues which it is now the fashion to rescue from the oblivion of the once-forgotten and forsaken hovel—such is the literal naturalism which, even on the walls of the Royal Academy, supplants the more artificial life of a bygone age. These two styles, the fashionable and the artificial on the one hand, and the rough, the rude, and the natural on the other, may, however, both in literature and art, co-exist side by side, as indeed they now do, and ever will so continue, as long as the world presents a many-sided face. Coming to the more technical characteristics of such works, a word will suffice. Essentially narrative, these compositions must be circumstantial; strong in evidence of action and of incident, each detail will have to speak, and that clearly and emphatically, for in this unimaginative sphere there can be no pretence for hiding a hero behind a cloud of mystery. The execution, moreover, must be clean and sharp, and the more sparkling the better; also the grammar of the art should be of close and literal construction; for inasmuch as the thoughts expressed are often even trivial, the success of the work will greatly depend on the felicity of the wording. Coming to known examples, Wilkie, in our English school, reigned chief over the humble domestic; Leslie was king, or master of ceremonies, in the sphere of artificial society. At the present moment, in like manner, Webster, Clark, and others, represent the Dutch Teniers and Ostade; while Horsley, allied in style to Leslie, is more after the polished manner of Terburg, of "satin gown" celebrity.

Of works the effusion of the home affections, the smaller pictures by C. W. CORN, R.A., are pleasing manifestations. 'Morning Lessons' (221), in the schoolroom, is altogether winning in sentiment. A little boy is here seated before a table in a schoolroom, writing his task upon a slate; on the knee of the governess a younger child is also going through an infant's early trial, the little fingers and pencil being guided by the nursery tutoress. The accessories in this well-furnished apartment betoken a family well to do. 'A Music Lesson' (40), also by Mr. Cope, is painted up to the same high level of refined life. Here we have a little fellow, evidently of some importance in his own esteem, perched on a music-stool before a piano. He touches the notes with tentative caution; looking curiously, or rather seeming abstracted the while. Between the action of the hands and the expression of the features mark the close concord—a point

of connection we have always a right to look for in works which, appealing to the sympathies, should echo the symmetric, though unconscious, action of the human framework. In each of these little works by Mr. Cope, forced up to the highest finish, great knowledge of pictorial effect is displayed. The black coat of the little pianist, for example, tells in brilliant contrast against the white dress of his sister; and in composition the subject is equally and evenly distributed over the canvas.

Mr. J. CALLCOTT HORSLEY, A., contributes three works in his best manner—'The Morning of St. Valentine' (167), 'My Lady and her Children' (414), and 'The Attack and Defence' (306). The first, 'The Morning of St. Valentine,' introduces the spectator to a fine, fair, and haughty damsel, favoured with a flood of magnificent flowing hair. The lady has just received a valentine, tied with ribbon. She is accustomed to look vainly in her glass, and worships herself probably quite as much as do any of her admiring suitors. A lap-dog, favoured with a seat on her knee, is in the act of tearing up, and devouring, a valentine addressed "To Celia." A duenna, keeping guard at the door, is entrusted with yet another missive to the hands of her mistress. The next picture which we notice is 'My Lady and her Children' (414), seen in the early morning, when five scions of promise flock eagerly to their mother for a first embrace. The nurse is in the background, a doll is in the window-sill, tapestry is on the wall; and all these accessories, including table, chair, carpet, and other et ceteras, are painted with all the finish that can be desired. The third work by Mr. Horsley is 'The Attack and Defence' (306), *alias* an assault of some merry youngsters upon a bevy of fair girls. Having obtained the loan of a ladder, these youths, dressed fantastically after the time of Charles II., are scrambling up to a window in the first story, the apartment of the ladies. The impudence of the "attack" meets with a spirited "defence." The ladies repel the assault with pelting showers of flowers. From below an old woman looks out in dismay, and the frightened doves have fluttered from the dovecot. The scene is laid at Haddon Hall.

Mr. HICKS, the painter of 'Dividend Day at the Bank,' 'The General Post-Office,' and 'Billingsgate,' in former years, contributes to the present exhibition two works after his usual style. Mr. Hicks is a disciple in the Frith school. He glides smoothly over the surface of society; he depicts character with a point seasoned often by satire; and for execution no man is more brilliant. 'Changing Homes' (703) is a subject quite to his taste. A bride in a drawing-room, surrounded by bridesmaids and a dazzling galaxy, is a fertile topic whereon to expatiate, and affords in the bridal robes, the general gay attire, and the wedding presents, favourable opportunity for the artist to display his dextrous touch. His other picture, a triptych, must be recognised as a work taking a higher walk. The subject, entitled 'Woman's Mission' (407), is treated in three compartments, or *tableaux*, set in one frame. In the first, a young mother is leading her child tenderly along a woodland path, turning aside a mischievous bramble which besets his steps. The child's upgazing face is lovely. In the second, we see a wife in the act of giving solace to her husband under a severe blow of affliction. "The last scene of all, that ends life's strange, eventful history"—Mr. Hicks's third age, and Shakespeare's seventh—is a dying father, sedulously watched and waited on by a daughter's affection. The painting of these works is first-class; the sentiment refined, not over profound—goes just skin deep, and carries a

surface of exquisite polish.—Mr. BARWELL, of 'Unaccredited Heroes at the Hartley Colliery Accident,' in last Academy, takes a subject this year from polite society. In 'Reconciliation' (441), the even tenour of domestic life had been, we must suppose, broken some years previously by a marriage without the father's consent, and then, "through a friendly plot contrived by his two girls," we are here brought to witness the happy results of the reconciliation of the son's widow with the old squire, in the first meeting of grandpapa and the little grandson. We mark an air of refinement about the whole proceeding. But if Mr. Barwell would fulfil his early promise, he must look to acquire greater firmness in his drawing, and he should likewise become more certain of the whereabouts of his figure beneath the drapery, which ought to indicate rather than entirely mask salient articulation.—Close at hand to Mr. Barwell's 'Reconciliation,' we come upon 'Puss in Boots—behind the Scenes' (434), from the easel of S. J. PORT, giving a peep among the theatric properties of a Christmas pantomime: the Clown chatting with Columbine between "the alips," and a fellow putting the mask of a giant pussy-cat over the head of a little child—from which incident the composition takes its name. The picture, although of no very exceptional merit, has fairly won its place upon "the line."—On the same wall, also upon the line, we note 'Sunday Morning' (579), by Miss OSBORNE, a lady whose works in previous years have gained honourable mention. An old woman led to the church pew by her daughter is a study true to the life. The painting would, however, have been improved by greater accuracy in the drawing of the subordinate passages, and also by more precision in the handling. The adjoining picture, 'The Last Chapter' (568), by R. B. MARTINEAU, comes as a contrast; it is careful even to excess of smoothness in execution.—Mr. BOSTOCK's 'Courtship of Sir Isaac Newton' (549), we think to be rather large in scale for the class of subject, even though the lover were a philosopher. The artist seems to have concentrated his force chiefly in the painting of the flowers in the lady's dress. The picture is certainly much tamed down in a giant exhibition like that of the Academy, where the contest is for strength.—'Going to the Highland Kirk' (544), by T. BROOKS, is smoothly painted after this artist's habitual style, which seldom misses refinement.—'A Spanish Post-Office' (351), by J. B. BURGESS, is to be commended; the style that of "Spanish Phillip."—'Roland Greame's first Interview with Catherine Seyton' (635), by A. B. CLAY, is worthy of honourable mention for the firmness of the drawing. The execution has been kept broad, yet is sufficiently made out.—Mr. CROWE, who last year was favourably known by his picture of 'De Foe in the Pillory,' has illustrated this season, in 'Brick Court, Middle Temple, April 1774' (356), an interesting page in the literature of our country. Oliver Goldsmith died, and Brick Court, the locality where he dwelt, was "filled with mourners the reverse of domestic: women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for—outcasts of that great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable." Mr. Crowe, by thus allying himself with subjects akin to our literature and history, is fortunate to extend his sphere beyond the narrower sympathies and limits of many among our artists, who rest content to paint the gossip of a cottage-door, or to immortalise the incidents and accessories of a back kitchen.—'Sophia Western' (224), by S. SIDLEY, is a little

picture which deserves honourable mention.—Also we may note 'An Old English Song' (185), by W. E. ORCHARDSON, as capital.—We may here likewise call attention to two exceedingly clever little pictures, almost miniatures in the crowding of numerous figures within the compass of narrowest space, painted by Mr. G. H. THOMAS: the one 'The Coronation of the King of Prussia—the Princess Royal doing Homage' (25); the other 'the Marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Alice' (85). Each is painted at command of Her Majesty, and proves Mr. Thomas skilled in composition and perfect as a draughtsman.—C. LANDSEER, R.A., has chosen a telling subject—'The Census of April the 8th, 1861' (79). We are introduced into the midst of a large family, naturally varying widely in ages; the government official is seated at the table, and the point of the story centres in the exclamation of "the cook"—"I never did tell nobody, and I sha'n't tell nobody." The subject, as we have said, is fortunate; the working out would have been improved by greater force and character.

The poetry of Burns may be said to have given birth to a distinct school of painting, which primarily, as might be expected, has fallen into the hands of the Scotch. But Burns was of a genius wide as nature; and his verses, even when the dialect be of Scotland, are as universal as our common humanity. They come home, indeed, to every heart, just because in all times and in every country the human breast throbs with the same master emotions. "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is as essentially true to the labourers of Hampshire as to the peasantry of Argyll; and, "a man's a man for a' that" must be an exclamation which has risen to the lips of many an honest, independent commoner in every land. Hence it is that the poetry of Burns, and in like manner, we may add, the national songs and ballads of all peoples, have given birth to a school of painting, popular, pleasing, and widely spread.

Mr. T. FAED, the painter of that greatest of pictures falling under this category, 'From Dawn till Sunset,' of a previous year, may be taken as the express type of the class. To the present exhibition he contributes several smaller works, all, however, admirable. In 'The Silken Gown' (377), suggested by a ballad of last century, we have the story of a well-to-do old gentleman, who seeks to win a young country lass from her spinning-wheel by the bribe of a handsome silk dress which her mother is in the act of persuading her to accept, as an advantageous bargain in exchange for her heart. In the foreground are disposed a child and a dog; and in the background, through an open door, may be seen the father of the girl drinking and chatting pleasantly with the elderly suitor, one of the father's own generation. 'Train up a Child' (213) is, in fact, the teaching of a little girl to put a button on her father's shirt, the mother setting a good example by hemming a pocket-handkerchief. The accessories, which give the picture much of its value, are evidently taken from the life—furnished, in fact, by minute studies made from cottage interiors. The bellows, the bed, the chair, the broken slate, all give circumstantial reality to this humble scene. 'The Irish Orange Girl' (273) may be noted as one of a series of London street characters or cries, to be succeeded by the Flower and the Fruit Girls, for the painting of which, for the purpose of engraving, Mr. Faed has received a commission from Mr. Gambart. Mr. ALEXANDER JOHNSTON is also a leading disciple in this Scottish school, as proved by his picture conceived in the true Burns spirit, 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' (326). Here we have a rustic household—mother, children,

grown-up lass and youthful lover—gathered at close of day around a cottage table, the father reverently reading the Word of God. An oil lamp hung from the ceiling casts bright light into the broad gloom. The sentiment is simple. A second picture by Mr. Johnston, 'The Land o' the Leal' (277) is akin in spirit. Two old folks with open Bible on the table, the evening's reading over, prolong discourse on the land where "nae sorrow" is, neither "cauld nor care." In this picture the pose of the two figures, and the general making-up of the composition, are fortunate. We do not, to all intents and purposes, rank the two praiseworthy pictures—both alike on "the line"—painted by Mr. J. BURN and Mr. A. H. BURN, in the present category; yet, for convenience, we may take them here. 'A Travelling Tinker' (425), by the former of these two artists, is a subject which Ostade made famous. An itinerant mechanic, who in his rounds has reached a cottage-door, is seen holding a copper kettle up to the light to catch the hole in the bottom. The children of the household are looking on with curious wonder. In this work we have good solid painting—every detail has a purpose.—'The Scene from Dora' (250), by A. H. BURN, takes a more lofty aim. The composition is derived from the well-known poem by Tennyson:—

"The door was off the latch; they peep'd and saw
The boy set up betwixt his granda's knees."

The grandpapa, the child, and the encircling chair, group compactly. The attitudes fixed on have a purpose, and every detail is carried out just far enough to express the intention.—Miss R. SOLOMON has a picture, 'Good Night' (608), deserving of express commendation.—'The Morning of Departure' (603), by W. W. NICOL, is worthy of remark for much careful painting, especially in the bed-clothes and the background.—Opportunity makes the Thief' (609), by J. DYCKMANS, displays high elaboration. We presume that this is the artist who executed 'The Blind Beggar' in the National Gallery, a picture which at once gained utmost popularity, and which may now be seen through the medium of countless engravings and photographs in every shop window of the metropolis.—Mr. E. NICOL is a painter whose glory it is that he pushes character to the point of caricature. Of the cleverness of his works there can be no doubt; indeed, two among the number have commanded, notwithstanding the anti-aristocratic aspect of the subject and style, a place upon "the line." In 'The Renewal of the Lease refused' (397) we have an estate agent seated before a table covered with papers. An Irish farmer, who might almost by his aspect be a culprit in a dock charged with felony, is deprived of his "tenant's rights," a sore Irish grievance as we all know. This fellow, rascal and traitor as he probably is, has received graphic portraiture at the hands of Mr. Nicol. The artist does not descend to any elaborate finish: be it his praise that he strikes at the salient points, and is content merely to suggest the accidents.

The school which follows after David Wilkie remains to be noticed. It is a school primarily derived from the Dutch, if indeed we may fairly say that a style so close upon nature can be borrowed elsewhere than from life itself. Pictures of this class are small in size, generally simple and often even trivial in incident, and for execution it may almost be said the more of detail and finish they contain the better. T. WEBSTER, R.A., has in this line long taken the lead. 'The Tea Party' (159), in which children are seated at a table gravely maintaining the decorum and the dignity of the occasion, the grandame seated quietly apart in a distant corner, is a picture after Mr. Webster's sober, silent, and some-

what sly style.—'The Children's Parody Play' (87), by C. HUNT, and 'The Battle of the Bolsters' (987), by M. ROBINSON, are both good examples of the Webster school.—'After Work' (122), by J. CLARK, is worthy of note, it is by the painter whose name will, certainly, ever remain associated with 'The Sick Child.'—'Registering the First-born' (132), by G. SMITH, is pleasing in composition, lustrous in colour after the tone of Mulready's 'Wedding Gown,' and capital for execution. The subject is the narrative of one of those simple incidents in daily life which teem with a variety that give to the painters of this class all but endless resources. One man will depict a birth, another a marriage, and a third a death; and when we consider that each of these themes admits of ever-changing vicissitude in circumstance, we may readily understand that though the canvases which contain these recitals may be small, the range of events is wide indeed. A simple enumeration of the titles borne by the more excellent of such compositions in the present exhibition, will perhaps sufficiently indicate the arrangement and the treatment of the pictures themselves. 'Aunt Deborah's Pocket' (121), by G. B. O'NEILL, is carefully painted, especially in the accessories.—'The Laboratory of a Flemish Chemist' (8), by W. LINNIG, might have come from the easel of Teniers or Ostade.—'A Quiet Game' (291), by W. O. HARLING, betrays—in common with like pictures by other artists—the growing influence of the school of French *genre*.—'Settling Down' (479), by S. B. CLARKE, calls for honourable mention.—'The Young Blacksmiths' (505), by A. PROVIS, we need scarcely say is a work capital in the crumbling character of the decayed and battered walls; the figures, however, rather doll-like for blacksmiths, are not up to the same mark as the accessories.—Among the usual profusion of cradle scenes, we have noted 'Bed-Time' (27), by H. H. EMERSON: the baby is watched over by two sisters; there is a pretty innocence about the sentiment, and the execution is precise and clear—no small merit in this class of subjects.—But of all the pictures given up to child's play, and they are legion, a little work called 'The Doctor' (358), by F. D. HARDY, is certainly one of the best. A child shamming the invalid is bolstered up in a chair; another child invested with cane and black cap, feeling the patient's pulse, acts the doctor; while two other little urchins, with pestle and mortar, are mixing and making pills! The execution is sufficiently minute to give reality to the circumstantial narrative, without falling into excess of elaboration. The quiet humour and the quaint character which reign throughout, so closely akin to Wilkie and Webster, and allied indeed to the wit and mirth which flow freely in our native literature, should not be passed without notice.

OUT-DOOR FIGURES—RUDE, RUSTIC, AND REFINED.

The in-door domestic, which we have already described, may be said to meet with its precise equivalent or counterpart in outdoor life. The experience of the kitchen and the parlour finds its correspondence in the incidents of the field or the garden. If the symbols of the one be the spinning-wheel or the piano, the implements of the other are the plough, the spade, the fishing-rod, or the gun. Life rules alike in each—that life of man which is crowded with incident, perplexed by dilemma, or wrought to intensity by passion. The accessories and the accidents, however, attached to scenes taken from the shelter of a roof, or on the other

hand caught from the wayfarer under the canopy of the open sky, are different. Carpets, chairs, tapestries are the etceteras of the former; fields, hedgerows, stiles approached by broken steps, or streets of our crowded cities are the backgrounds of the latter. Hence "out-door rustic" is almost inevitably allied to landscape; and hence, likewise, the corresponding or appropriate key in which these open-air pictures should be set. Take a figure from an in-door scene and transfer it to the fields, and the *tout ensemble* is changed. Hence the difficulty which professed figure painters experience when called upon to put man, woman, or child into a landscape, especially if executed by another hand. The result of such a compound ends generally in a discordant patchwork. The out-door rustic, indeed, has little or nothing of the drawing-room in manner or complexion—he is no hot-house plant, but grows like a wild flower of nature in the free hedgerow. The same sun which ripens the fruit burns his cheek in russet brown; the wind which plays in the topmost tree ruffles his locks and beats rudely against his tattered coat. He is the child of nature and the sport of the elements; and hence the out-door rustic is rude, and oft-times rugged and gnarled, even as an old castle or a tree which has borne the brunt of the storm. Thus we have sought, somewhat through the vehicle of simile, to indicate the character of that vigorous art which is the foster-child of the sun, and oft the playmate of the storm. Applying the metaphor to "out-door figures" more "refined," to ladies of the boudoir turning out into the sunshine, decked in gay shawl and gloves, and carrying parasol—these are not the wild flowers of nature, but hot-house plants put out in finest weather. The company which crowded the fashionable reception last evening may be seen next day in the park or on promenade. And so we again recognise a complete correspondence between in-door and out-door life—only, wax candles are not quite the noontide sun, neither do double-case windows let in the winds which buffet the clouds, sport among the trees, or sweep along the sea.

We can not do better than commence with J. C. Hook, R.A., a prince in the style which he has indeed created, and over which he rules by a genius all his own. To the present Academy he contributes three works after his usual manner, which are universally extolled, though perhaps in former years the artist has been seen to still greater advantage. In the first of these pictures, called 'Prawn Catchers' (176), we come upon two fisher-boys; their sister a fine girl, as all Mr. Hook's girls are: and these boys we watch as they wade in the shallow water of the receding tide, dragging the bottom of the channel with hand nets. The colour of this rich composition is compounded after Mr. Hook's wont: the figures in their flesh tones are gold, the sea runs into emerald, the sea-weed is brown, verging upon olive or more positive green. And thus it is that his figures comport so completely with the landscapes in which they are made to blend, nature and humanity meeting as it were each the other half way—the landscape dressed up gorgeously, while the peasants are rugged as the beaten rocks, and russet brown as the trunk of a Scotch fir: and so it comes to pass that all can keep company together, and no one member need find fault with the other. 'The Sailor's Wedding Party' (219) is among the painter's most deliberate compositions; a "wedding breakfast," we presume, on the sea-shore! A table-cloth is spread on the rocks, a kettle is boiling; fowls, wine-bottles, and other materials for a rural feast are at hand, and the guests already assembled. The passages of nature here brought in are after

Mr. Hook's usual happy manner; for no man knows better how to give to his landscape an extended outlook, as if on all sides there were space enough and to spare, with plenty of fresh air to breathe, seasoned by the sea-breezes. The third picture, 'Leaving at Low Water' (335), includes one of this artist's noblest figures—a fisherman's wife preparing to join the boat as the tide goes down. Mr. Hook raises his rustics by aid of a certain nobility of type, infusing beauty into their rude frames, which become thus exalted into a natural, and yet in some degree into an ideal, manhood and womanhood. The figures he introduces are like to peasants of Arcadia, only they happen, instead of tending flocks in Greece, to be boating at Bideford or Clovelly, or fishing among the Scilly Islands.

'The Thorn' (269), by H. LÉ JEUNE, A., one child doing kindly service to another child by extracting a thorn which has entered the naked foot—is a picture that comes as a contrast to the works of J. C. Hook. This painting of 'The Thorn' is pretty and refined.—Among other pictures somewhat falling under the present class we may enumerate as worthy of commendation—'The Nut Gatherer' (228), by A. H. WEIGALL—careful; 'The Wood Carrier' (231), C. S. LIDDERDALE—capital; 'Weary, Friendless, and Forsaken' (433), by Miss MORRELL, merits praise; 'A Fountain Scene—South Italy' (536), by R. HERDMAN, is pleasing and refined; and 'Lancashire as she was' (496), and 'Lancashire as she is' (497), by J. BALLANTYNE, may be noted at least as well-timed subjects.—'The Trio' (452), by J. PETTIE, three musicians in the street—decided geniuses after their kind—is a work of original eccentricity. This artist should have some good stuff in him.—'Home from Sea' (530), by A. HUGHES, a sailor-boy prostrate in a graveyard, is "Pre-Raphaelite" in finish.—'The Jews' Place of Wailing, Jerusalem' (403), by W. GALE, pushes elaboration to its furthest limits. It were perhaps invidious to point out the same subject exhibited by C. Werner in the Institute of Water-Colour Painters. 'A Scene from the ballad of "The Old English Gentleman"' (389), by J. FAED, an old harper, a mendicant, and others, partaking of the good man's cheer, is a painstaking work, and altogether pleasing.—'Dangerous-looking Fishes—Will they Bite?' (142), by E. OPPÉ, includes a graphic study of an old sea-tar, and is otherwise welcome as the work of a young artist bearing an honoured name.—'Going Home' (453), by C. ROSSITER, gleaners, mother and children, all laden with golden sheaves of corn, trudging through the woodland, is carefully painted. The greens, however, are not well consorted, and a general want of colour places the work to disadvantage.—A picture, in the choice of its title not free from affectation, 'A Sower went forth to Sow' (504), by A. RANKLEY, turns out to be a gipsy encampment. The sower is a young lady, altogether refined and most proper, reading to these rude Bedouins. One figure, at least, is very noble—that of a woman, fit for a gipsy queen, standing by the tent door, swarthy of skin, features firmly cast, hair of ominous black.

The present exhibition contains—even in one room—three lake scenes, or boatings, always subjects as pleasing to artists as to the excursionists themselves. 'The Holiday' (721), by J. THOMPSON, is agreeable; a woman rows a company of children among a group of water lilies, which they gather with delight. The picture is smoothly painted.—'The Fiery Cross' (650), by J. L. BRODIE, the scene, laid in a boat on Loch Katrine, scarcely obtains the notice which the artist intended.—'A Sick Call' (589),

by M. J. LAWLESS, is also another sail in a boat, but a solemn one, at the call of duty. A priest has been summoned to administer the last offices of the Church to a dying man across the water. The quaint towers of a German city rise on the river's bank. This work is marked by thought and purpose, and has in its aspect a certain medieval severity. Certainly it is far removed from the commonplace, which has become the curse of our modern art. Two great names remain to be mentioned—those of Mr. John Gilbert and Mr. J. F. Lewis—names which suggest indeed antithesis rather than comparison. Of Mr. GILBERT's style we have spoken at length in our review of his drawings exhibited in the gallery of the Water-Colour Society. The oil picture here sent to the Academy, 'An Army on the March—the Rear-Guard with the Baggage Waggon' (480), is strong in this artist's well-known characteristics. His forms—horsemen, for example, crossing the stream—are noble. His handling has a vigour which cannot be surpassed. The present composition, however, labours under the disadvantage of being scattered, and therefore confused.—'A Frank Encampment in the Desert of Mount Sinai' (158), by J. F. LEWIS, is a replica of a famed drawing exhibited a few years since in the gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society, of which the artist was then a member. It were superfluous to bestow commendation on the exquisite subtlety which Mr. Lewis displays as a draughtsman, whether he essay the aristocratic features pertaining to the noble lord here encamped, the more plebeian forms of the swarthy attendants, or the difficult anatomy of the camels. The detailed execution is of course marvellous. This oil picture, however, fails of the quality found in its water-colour prototype.

ANIMAL PAINTING.

England has been brought into close contact with Holland and Flanders, not less in Art than in commerce and in arms. In more points than one we have taken our first lessons from the Low Countries, and have indeed learnt our task so well that the pupil in the end has reached the position of the master. In no respect is this remark more true than in the skilled painting of animals, an art in which our native school has made itself specially supreme. The power of Snyders, of Potter, Wouvermans, and of Cuyp, has passed from the shores of the Rhine and the Scheld to the banks of the Thames, and loses little of strength or nature by the transfer. The fame, indeed, of Landseer and of Cooper, won by works exhibited in this Academy, has spread throughout Europe. The characteristics sought for in this class of subject may be indicated in few words. Animals themselves are either wild or domestic. Snyders, in his boar hunts, seized upon beasts in fury and in action; our English painters, on the contrary, have for the most part laid hand upon animals with natures somewhat tamed, and their works accordingly, if less stirring in spirit, have more repose and domesticity. A corresponding distinction, too, marks the execution. The modern French school of Jadin which, like its Flemish prototype, is one of motion and of passion, paints with a vigour of hand that becomes even coarse. Our English painters of animals, in contrast, have a handling more smooth and delicate.

Mr. T. SIDNEY COOPER, A., contributes one of his most careful pictures, 'Cooling the Hoof' (255), in which he reverts to a class of subjects to which he was accustomed in former years. The scene here chosen is on the river Stour: pollard willows bend over the full glassy waters, and a herd of cattle from the banks enter the refreshing stream.

A flock of sheep is close at hand, and a hay-cart is seen in the farther distance. The painting is silvery in grey, illumined by sunlight. Each detail has been worked out from individual studies, and much of the work was painted in the open air. Mr. Sidney Cooper is in this picture once more our English Paul Potter.

Mr. RICHARD ANDELL, A., we class for convenience under the head of animal painters exclusively, although, this year especially, he has extended the sphere of his subjects. In 'The Wrecker' (465), the principal characters are an old man and a dog, with a horse laden with the spoils from the vessel breaking on the storm-lashed shore. The shrewd old wrecker is looking wistfully for the in-coming plunder, which the next towering wave may wash to his feet. 'Coming out of the Mist' (533) is a sportsman loaded with hares and attended by dogs, emerging from Glen Spean, shrouded in cloud. Perhaps, however, the best painted picture of the series is 'The Rescue after a Storm' (404), representing a shepherd with his dogs coming to the relief of sheep overtaken by a snow-fall in the mountains. This work, in no way exaggerated, tells its own tale of pathos with simplicity. 'Going to the Festa' (430) is one of the showy subjects which Mr. Andell laid in store on his Spanish tour. We are introduced to a gaily-attired hidalgo, mounted on a horse, with a not less smartly-dressed lass at his back. They approach a wayside cross, at which is stationed a hermit; Granada and the Alhambra are seen in the distance. Mr. Andell always paints with vigorous intent, and his pictures seldom fail in attaining a certain stirring and popular effect.

Mr. DAVIS, A., contributes some remarkable pictures; indeed, did we desire to show the advantages to which careful Pre-Raphaelite studies, made by a young man feeling, as it were, his way, might ultimately be turned in maturer years, we could scarcely obtain better proof than in the works now executed by this artist. Some seasons since the pictures of Mr. Davis were inchoate and scattered; studies and little more. Many men have turned out works of such quality, and yet been lost in the end. Mr. Davis, on the contrary, has passed through the ulterior stages of development, and from being a student has now become an artist. The drove of cattle in 'Ambleuse Bay' (279) is capably drawn and painted, and the landscape, even to the thistles, is elaborated to the utmost finish. 'On the French Coast' (120), by the same artist, includes a flock of sheep, admirable for study. Colour, too, here reaches intensity in a blushing bank of clover. The number of sheep flocks found scattered through the exhibition is marvellous. 'The Mother-Winter' (288), by C. JONES, depicts a sheep and a lamb in the snow. Many other sheep are more fortunate in being in the enjoyment of sunshine; we may especially commend 'A Hill-side Flock' (11), by F. W. KEYL; 'On the East Hill, Hastings' (13), by T. THORPE; and 'Sheep and Lambs' (104), by T. F. MARSHALL. In 'A Shepherd of Jerusalem' (593), by W. J. WEBB, we have the shepherd bearing a lamb in his arms, Jerusalem seen in the distance, the flock of attendant sheep being endowed almost with human sympathy. 'My own Grey' (106), a small picture of a grey horse, is carefully painted by A. COOPER, R.A. 'Four Miles from London' (610), by J. W. BOTTOMLEY, should be marked for the strong pull of the team of horses, noble creatures. 'Jack and the Jackdaw' (556), by R. PRYCE, "Jack" being a dog chained to a tub as a kennel, is the honest work of a man who has gone to nature for himself, and

therefore has acquired what can be said of few painters, an individual style all his own. —Lastly, but chiefly, 'Dead Swan, Black Game,' &c. (558), by W. DUFFIELD, the largest and most important picture of its kind in the exhibition, must certainly be pronounced a great success. The study of the swan especially is admirable, noble in form and rounded in its modelling, soft and snowy white in its plumage.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

In the fairy and fancy fields of fruits and flowers, the Dutch have been, as in transcripts of animals, if not our masters, at least our forerunners. Fruits and flowers are not supposed to awaken the nobler faculties of mind; and, therefore, the art of painting them has never ranked among the highest. Yet we may venture to plead in favour of the class that, within its restricted sphere, it can attain an absolute perfection, which is necessarily denied to more ambitious attempts. The two qualities we require to find pre-eminent in fruit and flower pieces, are brilliancy of colour, and the elaboration of illusive detail; and in both respects, many of our painters in oil and in water have reached an excellence which leaves little to be desired. Fruits and flowers, especially when crowned in the gold of autumn, are as rich in glory of colour as robes painted by Titian or Veronese. Again, for execution, the witchery of Art knows no more cunning wiles than here brought to play. Opaque lights, sharp and sparkling, are set in contrast to liquid shadows, transparent and lustrous as gems, reflecting each fugitive colour which sports in the sunbeam. The result should not stop short of actual illusion; the dewdrop must hang as a pearl, the bunch of grapes must stand out in solid relief, yet the eye should pierce to their translucent centre. Again we repeat, that the treatment which fruits and flowers have received at the hands of the chief among our painters, who have given themselves to this department, leaves little to be desiderated.

What we have said touching the brilliancy and beauty of flowers, receives illustration in the works of the Misses Mutrie. The colours here culled and concentrated, outvie the rich costumes with which they may come in contact. Among several pictures painted by these ladies, we especially noted 'Foxgloves' (466), by Miss M. C. MUTRIE, a careful outdoor study, the stately flower-heads standing nobly, and glowing gloriously, out from a bed of ferns.—By the sister, Miss A. F. MUTRIE, 'Autumn' (495) is an equally careful transcript of heather, ferns, and meadow-sweet, set in a woodland background.—Miss STANNARD has painted 'Fruit' (473) capably. This is a well-distributed composition, redolent in justly-balanced and blended colour. The grapes are translucent and purple, vine leaves add the brown of autumn, and a rosewater dish, silver-gilt, casts radiant lustre.—A picture, contributed by W. H. SMITH, also, like the last, content with the unassuming title, 'Fruit' (36), is worthy of mark; its somewhat sombre tone may be received as a not untimely protest against the gay, and sometimes crude, colours which dominate in all modern exhibitions.

SEA PIECES.

Perhaps as part of the original prerogative by which Britannia rules the seas, British artists have obtained supreme sway over ocean, the most lawless of the elements. Without any exaggeration, we may, indeed, safely say that our English painters have, above the artists of all other nations, obtained dominion of the waves. Backhuysen gained command over a storm, Van der Velde

found pleasure in a calm, and Claude gloried in the splendour of the sunset sea. But we think we may hazard the opinion, that between Wilson and Louthborough, Turner, Stanfield, and Cooke, no effects known to ocean, whether dramatic or placid, whether soaring into the grand or content with the simply beautiful, have been passed by without adequate record. To narrate all that our English artists have attempted, or even attained, were fairly to exhaust a sphere which is inexhaustible and infinite.

In this Art, CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A., has long reigned supreme. The present Academy is fortunate in possessing five pictures from his easel, of which the most important bears the following title, 'His Majesty's Ship *The Defence* and her Prize, *Il St. Ildefonso*, on the Morning following the Battle of Trafalgar' (123). Cadiz and Rola are seen in the distance with many of the captured ships ashore. The sea is crowded with disabled vessels, and broken masts and spars float on the waves, to which seamen are still clinging. Such are the subjects in which Mr. Stanfield has ever gloried, and to the painting of which he brings unparalleled powers. He knows, perhaps better than any other man, how to give size and majesty to the monarchs of ocean; he can contrast their brown and beaten sides with the grey of the sky and the green of the sea; he is able to throw into every wave buoyant swell, and onward motion, and dashing power; and he can make his clouds playmates of the storms and messengers of the winds. Mr. Stanfield's three remaining pictures are minor in size. The view on 'The Coast of Calabria' (94) gives occasion for the introduction of an eccentric craft; 'Oude Scheld, Texel Island' (177) affords opportunity for the picturesque; 'Shakspeare's Cliff' (272) includes pilot-house, and vessels in the offing; and 'The Worm's Head, Bristol Channel' (371) is a bold rock with a single ship to keep it company.

No picture of the season has called forth greater admiration than 'Catalan Bay, on the east side of the rock of Gibraltar, the African coast, Ceuta, and the mountains of Atlas in the distance' (415), by E. W. COOKE, A. The towering rock reaching its culminating point at the signal station is here rendered in its vastness, yet with all its detail. Geologists certify to the correctness of the limestone strata; botanists are content to recognise the palmito and the prickly pear clambering among the fissures. This work, indeed, is as precise as a scientific diagram, and yet picturesque as a work of Art ever should be. It was a bold stroke to pile up that bed of sand blown by the easterly winds to the height of six hundred feet, and reared against the rock as a buttress; and yet by adroit management—by the preserving, in fact, this lofty mound as a broad belt of light—the pictorial difficulty is turned to a direct advantage and positive success. The whole canvas, as we have indicated, has been crowded with detail and incident, and yet the simplicity of the composition is unbroken. The shore in front of the small nest of cottages which watch over the bay is strewn with nets, oars, rudders, corks; a boat is dry upon the beach, a small craft tosses in the offing, the blue Mediterranean dances in playful wavelets, and far to the south rise the hills of the Lybian desert. Mr. Cooke has always been renowned for his accuracy, therefore truth-seeking is no new habit of mind for him. He has ever, indeed, been literal and detailed; yet do we detect in this, perhaps, his master-work, the influence of the new school urging him to still further detail. He is not Pre-Raphaelite, yet has he beaten the Pre-Raphaelites on their own grounds; that is, he has made infinite detail compatible

with pictorial effect and symmetric composition. Another picture, 'Dutch Trawlers at Anchor off Scheveling, waiting for the Flood-tide' (230), is an order of subject for which Mr. Cooke has often heretofore shown an affection. A Dutch-built lugger is seen tossing at the mercy of the waves, the spray dashing wildly about the prows, tanned sails telling in strong contrast against the black shadows of a wind-rent sky, clouds pouring the while a deluge. In another work, 'The Church of Sta. Maria della Salute, Venice' (585), the same artist indulges in a sunset rhapsody. The shadowed dome tells solemnly against the evening sky, and clouds lurk stealthily about the horizon, the silence startled only by the vesper bell, the stillness unbroken save by the boatman's oar.

'Homeward Bound off Cape St. Vincent' (728), by F. R. LEE, R.A., a canvas which comprises the sea, a sail, and some chalky cliffs, is careful. The weather seems favourable, the waves are not boisterous, and the "homeward bound" ship will, we trust, get safely to port.—Among the pictures contributed by G. C. STANFIELD, whom we here put in the same class with his father, the most fortunate is a river scene: 'Oberlahnstein, looking towards the Castle of Stolzenfels' (554). The subject has picturesque materials: an old castle rises from out the water, a river bark is moored under its walls, and a village on the opposite shore is seen under the shelter of the hills. The painting of the liquid water, giving from its depths reflections broken by the stream's current, may specially be extolled.—After the Stanfield manner, J. WEBB has painted 'A Scene in Holland' (218), with some success.—Lastly, 'Fishing Boats off Yarmouth' (292), by J. MEADOWS, Sen., has free dash in the waves, and the vessels are well set upon the water.

LANDSCAPE SCHOOLS, OLD AND NEW.

Our first, indeed, till late years our only English school of landscape painting, was derived through Italy and Holland. From Claude, from Salvator Rosa, and Gaspar Poussin, our native Wilson and Turner took the grand style. By Ruysdael and Hobbima, the Scottish Nasmyth was taught to look to Nature for minuter detail. And so our English landscape, aiming at a somewhat conventional compound of the real and the ideal, fused fact into fiction, and fashioned outward nature according to the desires of poetic imagination. The rapturous phantoms of Turner, 'Baie Bay,' 'Palestrina,' and the like, and the sunsets of Danby melting even rocks with liquid fire, were, in some measure, reminiscences of Italian masters. Other of our landscape painters again, as we have said, were more literal; still even of these it may generally be asserted that they preserved a certain stately solemnity of style, that they observed the pictorial unities, that they maintained a balanced propriety, a sustained symmetry, which ruled rocks, trees, temples, and cascades, according to the strict laws of composition. This directly artificial treatment has now, for the most part, died out; yet the old leaven, we are glad to say, still works in the general mass. Our English school, however, be it remembered, suffered some few years since, at the hands of the so-called Pre-Raphaelites, a revolution. But the wild oats then sowed brought forth but a sorry harvest; and some zealots who thought to gather wheat found but tares. Still, in all frankness, let it be conceded that, though many hopes have been blighted, and it may be some youths of promise injured without power of recovery, yet that now, when the extravagance is spent, a certain residue of good, surviving, lives on. This much, at least, is evident, that many of our artists who had

won renown under the old method, are at the present moment paying tribute to the school of detail.

THOMAS CRESWICK, R.A., belongs to the old school; yet we believe that the close study of nature to which he is addicted, has led him more and more to the painting of his pictures, at least in many of their chief passages, in the open air. Of the several works which he contributes to the present exhibition, the following are the most important:—'Crossing the Stream' (86), 'The River Tees' (205), and 'Pleasant Paths' (647). This artist loves to take nature in her moods of quietism, when her spirit is hushed, and she walks unobtrusively, clad in sombre colour and simple attire: for Creswick is not one of those painters who dress the lily more sumptuously than Solomon. Here, indeed, in the pictures of the present year, we are among trees upon which the axe has committed no sacrilege; we are beside pleasant waters which flow in gentle murmur; we are invited to tread rural paths far from the city's din.

RICHARD REDGRAVE, R.A., contributes landscapes evincing that conscientious study of nature's detail to which he has of late years given himself. 'Strayed Lambs' (220), tended by two children, suggestive of the story of the lost infants in the wood, are all found nestling among ferns and flowers growing on the confines of a pine forest. Each leaf is dotted in with loving care, which seems almost in sympathy with sensitive nature. Another picture, 'Sunshine' (311), is a sheep walk, or heathy common, situated between Guildford and Worthing. A path leads from the level moorland down to the depths of a woody dingle. This little work is painted with much simplicity and fidelity.

DAVID ROBERTS, R.A., who we hope, without any great violence, may be included under our present division, shows strongly this year. He exhibits four works—'Interior of Milan Cathedral' (35); 'Interior of St. Stephen's, Vienna' (45); and two pictures in continuation of the series on the Thames, forming a sequel to those of last year. The largest of these several works is the noble interior of Milan Cathedral, certainly one of the finest church naves in Europe, here painted by the artist best able to surmount the difficulties and to bring out the grandeur of the subject. The point of view selected is the entrance to the choir, looking towards the east end, catching the richly-coloured glass in the magnificent windows of the apse. Among the infinity of details which, under treatment less skilful, would distract attention, Mr. Roberts has succeeded in maintaining the grand unity of the general effect—brilliant in light, mysterious in shadow, vast in proportion. The interior of St. Stephen's may recall a picture taken from the same noble church, exhibited by Mr. Roberts a few years since. His former work, it will be recollected, placed the spectator beneath the grand arch, which, in its shadowed gloom, spans the western end of the nave. The present picture, on the contrary, looks from the west towards this eastern arch, as the ultimatum of the composition. One of those scenic processions has just entered, which give to the Catholic ritual such pomp, and to church architecture so much of pageantry. The lustre of the banners is repeated in the brilliancy of the painted windows, and the richness of harmonious colour has been carried through the picture by draperies hung against the columns. The two paintings taken from Father Thames, prove, in the movement of the river craft, in the disposition of changing incident, the arrangement of the lights, and the distribution of the

shadows, absolute mastery of pictorial effect. Over these city views reigns one monarch supreme—the dome of St. Paul's—the crowning conception of Wren, himself a master of the pictorial effect which size, proportion, and symmetric composition can alone attain unto. In these pictures, looking once again upon this wondrous vault, we are amazed at the intolerant prejudice of certain critics who have thought fit to denounce every structure which cannot make good its Gothic pedigree. The entire series of the views on the Thames, of which these two pictures are the second instalment, belong to Mr. Lucas, the well-known contractor, who has, we learn, erected a room appropriate for their reception. The vast revolutions which the approaching embankments will make in the aspect of the Thames cannot fail in coming years to give to these transcripts by Mr. Roberts historic interest.

G. JONES, R.A., contributes several small paintings of picturesque buildings, among which we may mention 'Andernach' (179).—Among the landscapes by W. F. WITHERINGTON, R.A., the best is 'Harvest-time' (139); the gleaners tell with effect in the wheat-field.—F. R. LEE, R.A., paints a well-known scene, 'The Pont du Gard' (332). This noble Roman aqueduct, at Nîmes, is rendered with care and fidelity. The colour, however, is cold, and the atmosphere wants the glow of a southern sky.—The family of the Williams, under the names of Boddington, Percy, and Gilbert, send some small but pretty pictures. Two landscapes from 'Thorsgill, Yorkshire' (351 and 327), by H. J. BODDINGTON, are touched in with the happy facility known to this artist; 'Llyn Cwn Dulyn, North Wales' (493), is taken from a district which Mr. PERCY has often treated with knowledge and mastery; and 'Fording the Stream—Moonlight' (193) is a pretty effect rendered by Mr. A. GILBERT.—The vigorous naturalism of Mr. SYER has this year been directed with success to a well-known subject, 'Voss Novin, North Wales' (599).—Mr. ANTHONY, in 'The Relic of the Old Feudal Time' (645), contributes one of his noble yet somewhat stern landscapes.—'The Last of Old Westminster Bridge' (352), by J. A. WHISTLER, is an original subject well carried out.—Mr. G. E. HERING once more takes us on a pleasant pilgrimage to the south of Europe: 'Lovere, on the Lago d'Isco, Italy' (563), and 'Teronso, Bay of Lerica, Gulf of Spezia' (588), both Italian in atmosphere and colour, are painted with the smooth surface and refined sentiment habitual to this artist.

From the days of Turner and of Danby our English school of landscape has never lacked colour. Indeed, both with the generation which is gone and the painters who still survive, chromatic effects, especially in the sky, have been apt to blaze into extravagant excess. 'The Sunset' (472), for example, by J. LINNELL, Sen., has certainly startled the sober eyes of most visitors to the exhibition.—'The Rainbow' (22), by J. T. LINNELL, we are sorry to say, seems a misrepresentation of the well-ascertained colours of the spectrum. Yet a golden mantle has assuredly descended upon the family of Linnells, father and two sons: and one of the most glowing visions in the whole exhibition is a truly glorious picture by W. LINNELL, bearing for its title, 'On the Muir among the Heather' (402). The lines of composition are noble: a sheep-flock is browsing on the moorland, the shepherd pipes beneath a tree, and as for the heather it absolutely sparkles with light and lustre, yet is subdued as a fire in smouldering embers.—The family of the Danbys have also the heritage of colour.

The contribution of T. DEXBY, 'Snowdon' (551), is comparatively sober; but his brother, J. DEXBY, in two works, 'Rochester, on the Medway' (572), and 'Cornish Coast' (700), glories in skies of silvery haze and burning red, the sun enthroned in mid heaven.—Mr. DILLON, in 'The Pyramids' (341), seen in the distant horizon, shadowed against a golden sunset, the moon with a star mounting towards the zenith, a grove of palms and sedgy reeds on the river's bank, has certainly seized on one of the most poetic effects in the whole Academy.

The new school of detail, free in great measure from the eccentricity and extravagance of earlier years, shows this season some satisfactory results of close-out-door study. One of the best examples of this style is furnished by Mr. MACCALLUM's 'Harvest by the Wood' (636). The detail here has a purpose. The drawing, too, of the beech-tree trunks, and the dazzling play of the dappling sunlight streaming through the trees upon the pathway, are admirable.—'A Welsh Churchyard' (440), by B. W. LEADER, shows some capital studies of yew trees watching, as it were, like mourners among the tombs.—And for another accurate portrait of a yew tree we must mention, 'That Yew Tree's Shade' (175), by G. SANT, with figures by J. SANT, his brother.—Mr. HULME, like Mr. Leader, does not attempt to catch applause by the glitter of a sunbeam. Painters of the class to which he belongs do not seek for effect, but adhere closely to detail. Mr. Hulme's 'Waning Year' (571) is a good example of the truth which patient study brings as its reward. Other works by various painters tend more to the microscopic, and are allied to the school of the so-called Pre-Raphaelites. 'Addington Heath, Surrey' (519), by F. RAILTON, is not an unfavourable instance of this manner; also may be commended 'A Clover Field' (232), by G. MAWLEY, the clover thick as a carpet, painted to perfection, with dark trees above, saving the composition from petty trifling by their stately and shadowed men.—Lastly, 'An Autumn Evening' (131), by V. COLE, carries this style to perfection. The heather, the bracken, the sandy, gravelly road, set off against the ardour of a sunset sky, are worthy of all praise.

SCULPTURE.

Our present notice of the English school of sculpture must necessarily be as fragmentary as the collection here brought together is incomplete. This small gallery, however, usually known as the Academy collar, is not destitute, within its narrow circuit, of examples of the varying and conflicting schools of statuary found in larger Museums. We have, for instance, on the one hand, works of an ideal order given to poetic conceptions, and the personification of abstract conceptions; and, on the other hand, in still greater abundance, is displayed the more literal art of portraiture, statues and busts of the living, and memorials or sepulchral monuments to the dead. Of the first description we may mention two figures, typifying 'Africa' (1014) and 'America' (1073), by J. DURHAM, pendants to his design in commemoration of the first International Exhibition, erected in the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society. Somewhat in the same ideal category may be placed the poetic and historic figures executed by order of the Corporation of London for the Mansion House, among which we would signalise the statue of 'Alexander the Great' (1023), by J. S. WESTMACOTT. Also let us call attention to 'Young Romilly' (1030), by A. MUNRO, the youth holding "a grehound in a leash," from lines of Wordsworth—a work worthy of note for its happy combination of the human figure with the

animal form intermingled with interweaving fern leaves.—H. WEEKES, R.A., has in like manner treated a portrait group of 'Miss Hartree and Dog' (1040), with a grace known to the poetic works of the late R. J. Wyatt. 'Lancelot of the Lake' (1063), by C. F. FULLER, a noble type of countenance, highly finished; and 'Sir Galahad, the good Knight' (1079), an ideal head of much beauty, by Mrs. D. O. HILL, both merit commendation. Of portrait busts, the year has produced the usual profusion—a class of works, however, which, to the general public, is as little inviting as portraits painted on canvas. The true artist, however, even within this comparatively confined sphere, is able to prove his skill, and indicate his style. Among the busts here exhibited, the visitor will not fail to observe those of 'The Prince Consort—heroic size' (1011), by T. THORNYCROFT; 'Colossal bust of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' (1029), by MARSHALL WOOD; 'H.R.H. the Princess of Wales' (1056), also 'H.R.H. the Princess Louise of Hesse' (1055), both by Mrs. THORNYCROFT. From the general crowd of heads done into marble or plaster, we may individualise 'Joseph H. Green, F.R.S.' (1020), the diploma work, deposited in the Academy on the election of H. Weekes as an Academician—a bust after the Chantrey school. 'The late Jacob Bell' (1027), by T. BUTLER, an artist who seldom fails in character and power.—'Hallam, the Historian,' by W. THEED, a work impressed with studious thought.—'Jessie Hartley' (1057), by M. NOBLE, showing the growing tendency to detail, a style in which Woolner has led the way.—'Mrs. Coleman' (1143), by W. J. O'DOHERTY, a head of much command; and by the same artist, a charming bust of Lady Guillamore (1026).—J. S. BOWEN (1175), a character sketched vigorously in terra-cotta by J. E. BOEHM.—Lastly, 'The late Archdeacon Hare' (1141), by T. WOOLNER, a work showing studied detail and marked character, a style in which this artist is supreme. These and other busts in the present collection manifest the variety of treatment usually found in such works. Some of these products are content to remain broad and sketchy; others descend to the minuteness of a miniature; some are simple and unassuming; thoroughly quiet and gentlemanly in manner and bearing; others again are ostentatious, assuming, and self-conscious. We have further extended this review of the British school of sculpture in our notice of the exhibition now open in the garden of the Horticultural Society, Kensington.

The Academy of the present year has been universally pronounced one of fair general average; and nothing more. The number of nice pretty pictures exhibited this season is perhaps greater than ever. On the other hand, the paucity of large leading works, which might constitute a truly national school, must be deplored as an ill sign for our times. Doubtless against this unfavourable estimate some allowance must be made on account of the important mural decorations now in course of execution in the Houses of Parliament,—paintings which have diverted the labours of some of our chief artists from this the annual exhibition of the Academy. Still, the growing tendency of our English school towards the small in size, the trivial in incident, the showy in colour, and the detailed in execution, is obvious on every hand. The result, however, attained is certainly not otherwise than agreeable, and accordingly may be heard in the rooms of the Academy on all sides the exclamation, "a most pleasing exhibition," with the rejoinder, "but what a lamentable want of noble conceptions and master products."

THE TURNER GALLERY.

STRANDED VESSEL OFF YARMOUTH.

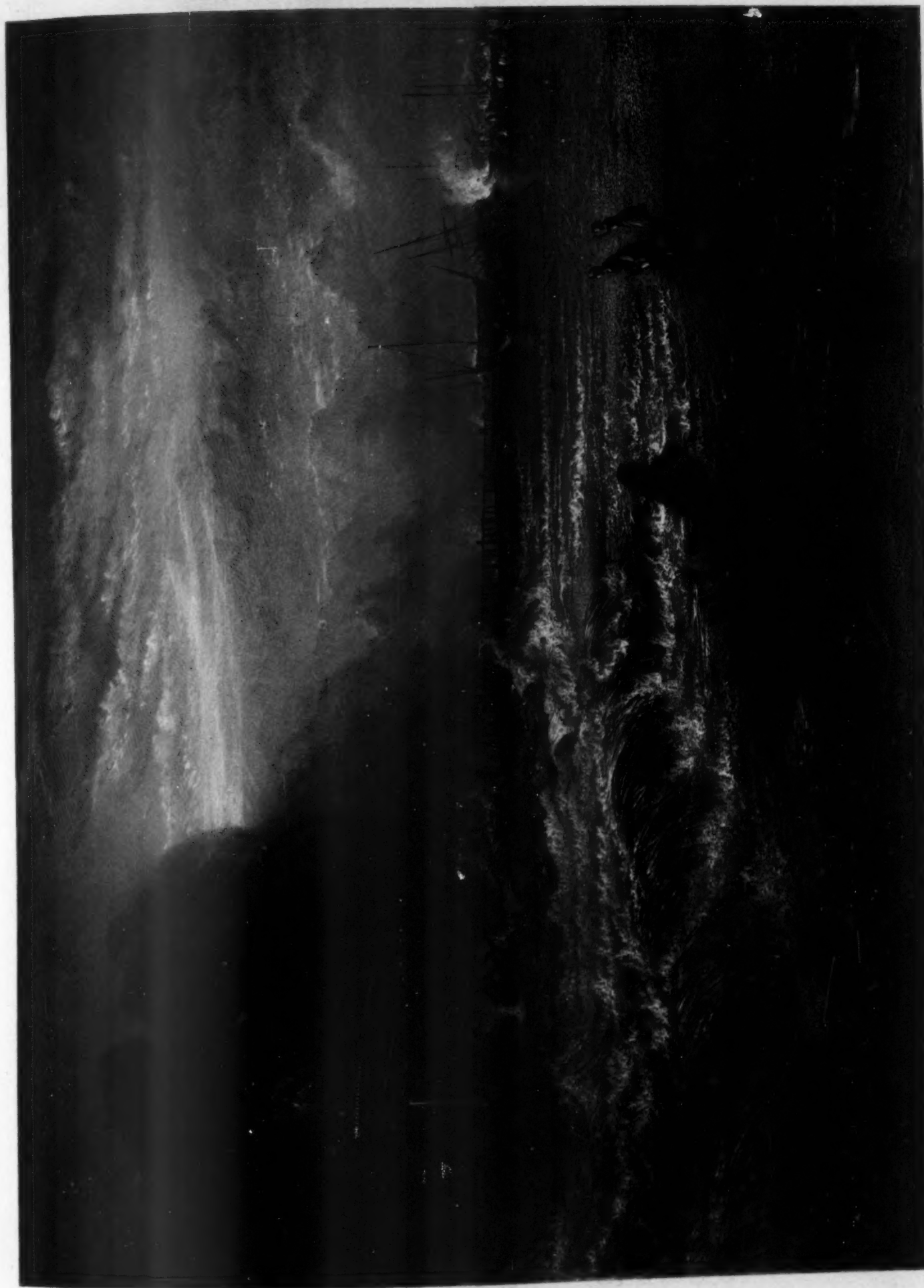
Engraved by R. Brandard.

SEA and land, sunshine and storm, came alike within the grasp of Turner's magic pencil; and it is very difficult to determine over which he showed the greater mastery. Sometimes, when looking at one of his landscapes, we are inclined to give these the preference; a few minutes after, perhaps, we stand before a magnificent sea-view, which almost compels a change of opinion; and certainly many of these latter works are the finest examples of this class of paintings the world has ever seen.

Turner's sea-storms are wonderful illustrations of these fearful manifestations of the warring elements, and can only be adequately appreciated by those who have been witnesses of such scenes, and closely studied the aspect of nature in its varied and constantly changing details. "Few people, comparatively," says Mr. Ruskin, in his remarks on Turner's sea-pictures, "have ever seen the effect on the sea of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three or four days and nights; and to those who have not, I believe it must be unimaginable, not from the mere force or size of surge, but from the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air. The water, from its prolonged agitation, is beaten, not into mere creaming foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast, which hang in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave, and, where one curls over to break, form a festoon like a drape from its edge; these are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but bodily, in writhing, hanging, coiling masses, which make the air white and thick as with snow, only the flakes are each a foot or two long. The surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies, underneath, making them white all through, as the water is under a great catarract; and their masses, being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise, and carried away in roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water."

The picture of a 'Stranded Vessel off Yarmouth' has little in it beyond sky and water, but these are grandly delineated. The disabled ship, is scarcely perceptible amid the masses of dark clouds and the thick, driving rain, through which the blue lights, signals of distress, throw up a lurid glare; a life-boat is approaching her from the shore, and another is being launched near the pier to aid in rescuing the crew of the doomed vessel. From behind the black rolling clouds a gleam of light breaks forth, which is reflected on a considerable portion of the water. The sea is painted with wonderful power and truth; how admirably the perspective of the line of waves is preserved, as they curl, and seethe, and break on the low flat sands, leaving, as they recede, other lines of water, long and rippling, behind them for a few moments. The bulk of the waves is not large, arising from the character of the shore, and the wind is evidently fitful and gusty, rather than continuous and violent; hence the numerous short ranges of crests, and the absence of uniformity in their onward progress. In the distance is the old pier and a portion of the town; in front of the latter a volume of smoke is perceptible; it proceeds from a gun which has just fired a shotted line to the stranded ship. When the picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1831, it was described in the catalogue as 'Life-boat and Manby apparatus going off to a stranded Vessel making Signals (blue lights) of Distress.' Captain Manby, the inventor of the apparatus which has been the means of saving so many valuable lives from drowning, was a native of Norfolk, and held the appointment of barrack-master at Yarmouth, where the frequent wrecks off a coast especially exposed induced him to turn his attention to some means of rendering assistance to the crews. His invention, which was first brought into use in the early part of the present century, has been of signal service.

This picture was painted for Mr. John Nash, and afterwards came into the possession of Mr. Sheepshanks; it now forms one of the Sheepshanks Collection at Kensington.



J. M. W. TURNER. R.A. 1804

STRANDED VESSEL OFF YARMOUTH.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE SHEPHERD'S COLLECTION SOUTH KENSINGTON

R. BRADFORD SCULF



SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

EXHIBITION THE FIFTY-NINTH.

THIS old-established society rejoices in a reputation which renders present praise superfluous. Its members and associates, numbering men of renown, are sufficient guarantees for an exhibition of approved excellence; and the current year, though wanting in works of distinguished *éclat*, is yet prolific in drawings which reach the high average standard. Touching the present condition of water-colour art, nothing which can lay claim to positive novelty calls for notice. The processes which still obtain have been more or less recognised for some years. The conflicting claims of transparent and opaque colour have yet their several adherents. The pure practitioners, however, of that which pretends to be the legitimate method, are each year becoming fewer in number. The increasing desire for detail, the value of force and firmness in the lights, the advantage of contrast between parts which should stand out in solidity and passages that are better just in proportion as they retire into liquid shadow, all put a premium upon an opaque medium when used with skill, moderation, and discretion. On the other hand, we think it will be admitted that unsophisticated drawings, after the older method practised for the most part by De Wint, Barrett, and Copley Fielding, possess a certain purity and quality in tone foreign to the modern and more mongrel admixture of opaque. Yet the advantages and the disadvantages pertaining to each of the two schools are so evenly balanced that a wise man, without dogmatically pledging himself to either, will successively adopt colours transparent or opaque, just as may best suit the exigencies of the drawing in hand. Of each method this gallery for many years past has presented illustrious examples. William Hunt, we believe, would find it difficult to put the ultimate force and finish into his matchless transcripts of birds' nests, grapes, and rustic heads, without the admixture of white paint. George Fripp, on the other hand, has executed drawings which certainly attain to the highest qualities of landscape art, without materially adding to his resources, by the interpolation of opaque colour. In fine, however, we must confess that the immediate tendency is towards opaque. In our English school, moreover, we may note a growing desire for detail and high elaboration; to these predilections must be added forced and fervid colour, dramatic effects, and thrilling situations. Such sensation products told in the galleries of the late International Exhibition in striking contrast with the sober quietism of the early school. Yet while we put in this semi-protest, we must frankly acknowledge that water-colour art was never greater in power or resource than at this moment, and that, with the exception of Turner, and perhaps Copley Fielding, our English school, which in renown has been blazoned throughout the world, could never show a company of painters more highly gifted or more thoroughly trained than those which at present fill the ranks of this Society. We will now proceed to notice the leading drawings of the gallery in detail.

Mr. BURTON, by well-studied drawing, and by the firmness and precision which tutored accuracy of hand can alone give, merits foremost notice. His 'Iostephane' (273), a life-size head, is of the Grecian, or perhaps, rather, of the Roman type. The mouth, nostril, and the line of the lower jaw are of a full contour, yet refined by subtle

curves of beauty. This head, crowned with hair of lustrous brown as by a diadem, and wreathed with violets loosely strung into a chain, stands in solid relief from the background, without the aid of forced shadow. No. 239, by the same artist—one of a series of drawings presented to Mr. Edwin W. Field, in acknowledgment of legal services rendered by him to the Society of Painters in Water Colours—is of more voluptuous and romantic beauty, calling in to the aid of drawing the fascination of fervent colours. Here we look in delight on a girl of child-like loveliness, with auburn hair falling as a shower of gold upon her shoulders, which press on a softly yielding pillow, bright as an emerald sea.—Mr. SMALLFIELD, in 'Farfallina' (255), also joins drawing, otherwise of staid sobriety, with the intoxication of colour wrought to ecstasy. Here, again, we have a poet's dream: a luscious maiden, possessed by a certain love-lorn melancholy, fraught with interwoven fabric of flaxen hair, her shoulders clad in a mantle ornate in peacock plumage, her hands tenderly dallying with two butterflies caught dozing on a neighbouring flower. Every detail seems deliberately chosen for the end of sustaining the romance of this sentiment, sweet even to satiety. The drawing and execution of Mr. Burton and of Mr. Smallfield, as already indicated, are, within the comparatively easy limits of these simple subjects, satisfactory.

The most popular among the painters of figures—as A. Fripp, Jenkins, Topham, Riviere, Oakley, and Walter Goodall—generally set off their rustic groups against a pleasing background of landscape. Such compositions, fashioned for the most part within the compass of moderate cabinet dimensions, and content to beget a passing interest or fasten on a popular sympathy, are just the class of works wherein the resources of water-colour art can be turned to most account. How brilliant and gem-like are the colours, how luminous the lights, how transparent the shadows, what purity in the tone, what truth in the texture! Mr. ALFRED FRIPP, an expert in the art, is not this year in full force—or rather, his contributions have not the importance of size, and perhaps are even wanting in his utmost elaboration of colour. But yet 'The Boy with Game' (254)—some hung on his back, and other of the spoils stowed in a net by his side, the little fellow trudging across the upland, making the best of his way to the village in the dell beneath—is marked by that subtle harmony, that texture of surface and well-kept tone, in which Mr. Fripp is unsurpassed.—Mr. JENKINS, in his carefully executed drawing, 'After Vespers—Brittany' (131), presents us with a not unusual subject, for absolute novelty in this range of compositions it is not easy to hit on. The pretty incident here chosen is, however, nicely served up. A peasant mother, in the picturesque costume of Brittany, we discover as she spins on her walk from wayside cross; the little daughter is following slowly after, counting her beads and lisping evening prayers as she toddles along. Mr. Jenkins has commonly an eye for a *tasty* composition, which he sets off, as here, by a certain air of refinement.—Mr. TOPHAM, in a fancy subject which he calls 'A Storm' (292), shows us a Niobe-like mother protecting her child with encircling arm and brooding bosom against the bolts of the pitiless tempest. The artist fails of reaching agony point.—Mr. RIVIERE, 'On the Road to Blarney' (190), makes us the confidants of a gossip, or rather the witnesses to a flirtation, by a cabin door: a smart youth plies love to a lass of unshod feet. These Irish rustics group well, and the tale is one which surely he who runs may read.—

Coming to Mr. OAKLEY, we find that, like Mr. Riviere, he affects no refinement; each, in his several manner, is plainly and bluntly outspoken. Mr. Oakley especially has a dashing hand, and slashes with his brush bravely, fearless of consequences. We note, however, that his interiors (8 and 42) are executed with a care which in the rude, outdoor 'Mole Catcher' (179) this artist may probably deem superfluous.—'A Flower Girl' (215), from Florence, the city of flowers, is a single figure, nicely painted, by Miss MARGARET GILLIES.—'Le Reliquaire' (148), by WALTER GOODALL, deserves more than a passing notice. A poor blind and aged mendicant, led by his faithful dog, and using a crucifix for a staff, approaches the corridor of an Italian dwelling, or osteria. He bears, hung from his neck, a box-like shrine, the open door of which discloses the figure of the Madonna and Child. Two girls, young, and not without beauty, whose leisure moments, after the manner of the country, are probably given either to love or devotion, bend eagerly forward from the balcony with a curiosity chastened into reverence. The picture is sunny, and the execution smooth; altogether the subject is made pleasant to look on.

The place of honour, near to the desk of the keeper of the gallery, is worthily occupied by a characteristic composition from the hand of the president—the best work Mr. FREDERICK TAYLER has produced for many a day.—'Hawking' (140) in the olden time, is a busy scene, crowded with figures, and replete with incident. The heron has been brought down by the hawks, and falls full in the foreground of the picture, on the close confines of a village, the wondering inhabitants gathering to see the sight. From the distant hill horsemen are hurrying forward; close at hand, in even at the death, are riders, and their steeds showy in curved necks, prancing proudly as they touch the ground with dainty step. Ladies, too, are seen, fit heroines of romance; and squires, pinks of perfection and models of gallantry, and dogs likewise, still eager for renewed sport. All this the reader will recognise as after the best manner of Mr. Frederick Tayler, though in execution we have known him to greater advantage. There is about these favourite works of the well-tried artist a gentlemanly bearing, which seems carried even to the manners of the horses and the dogs. We never fail to recognise a certain elegance in form, and a manly spirit in action, which seem to tell us that hawking and other like olden sports had in them the blood of noble birth. This it is, perhaps, which makes Mr. Tayler's works emphatically English—English just as surely as the compositions of Watteau were unmistakably French.

Mr. JOHN GILBERT, too, is likewise English, but with a difference. It were perhaps, however, equally true, had we asserted that he is Spanish; for assuredly he glories in Cervantes. Let us venture to say at least that John Gilbert is English in the same sense that Shakspeare is English—not only when the dramatist romps in British comedy, but scarcely less when he revels beneath a southern sun. Yet whatever may have been the latitude under which the genius of Mr. Gilbert was nurtured, he has this year, in the Spanish knight of the woeful countenance, hit on a congenial theme. 'Don Quixote' (18), dressed in rude armour, and seated at a table, surrounded by a goodly company, raises his hand in the act of delivering his "curious discourse upon arms and letters." "None of those," the quaint narrative assures us, "that heard him at that time, could take him for a madman." Looking, however, at Mr. Gilbert's picture, we

are not quite so sure of this; and herein the painter veils his covert satire. But though Mr. Gilbert, especially in a subject so perfectly congenial, can never fail in cleverness, he is, in this individual performance, not at his best. We miss his colour, deep and rich as Rembrandt; and the consummate pitch of his execution likewise, only finding its equal in the etchings of the same great Dutch master, is not here at perfection. For years we have watched his handling, so dexterous in the play of its lines, each curve bending till made conformable to the undulating surface on which it lies. This is, perhaps, the severest test to which we could subject the painter's manipulation, and yet his works stood the trial. We speak not now of the sentiment, or rather of the inner life, of this artist's works, which may often leave much to be desired; but even here he seldom fails in manliness.

Quitting the subjects in which man is the actor, we come to works taken from inanimate nature and still life. In the painting of flowers and of fruits, WILLIAM HUNT is still unrivalled for brilliancy, force, relief, and texture. 'Quinces, Plums, &c.' (288), and 'Grapes and Holly' (290), are among his largest and most elaborate productions of the year. To our liking, however, he was never seen to better advantage than in his two studies of 'Birds' Nests' (266 and 277), so matchless for reality, so absolute in roundness of relief, so exquisite in ashy grey and silvery green of the lichen-built structure, and in softness of the inner and feathery lining.—Some other fruit and flower pieces merit notice. 'Convolvulus' (252), by V. BARTHOLOMEW, are painted tenderly and transparently; and 'Fruit' (75), also 'A cut Peach, &c.' (189), by G. ROSENBERG, have much finish and beauty.

Architecture—a favourite subject for the pencil, whether we include architecture proper as a Fine Art, displayed, for example, in the western façades of grand cathedrals, or, on the other hand, its more utilitarian application to street buildings, often most picturesque in decay—has obtained skilled treatment at the hands of our water-colour painters. Turner, for instance, in such drawings as those of Rouen and Abbeville cathedrals, suggested vastness of size and infinity of detail, and gave a general impress of majesty and beauty. Prout, with his reed-pen tracery, faithfully delineated the crumbling surface of broken column or decayed abutment; indeed, he was always at home in what we may term architectural episode and by-play. Our living men, without falling precisely into the footmarks of these their predecessors, may still be ranked as followers in the same school. The interiors of Mr. SAMUEL READ have commanded deserved admiration; and this year, in 'The Cathedral of Toledo' (33), he produces one of his most ambitious works—we cannot add among his most successful. This grand subject is certainly managed after a manner which must catch popular applause: its size, a certain *morbidezza* of colour, red, yellow, and purple, the contrast of light with shadow, can scarcely fail in securing telling effect. But when we look further, we feel the want of mollifying greys; we fail to meet with studied detail; with the accident of surface, always to be detected in stonework eaten by age or stained by atmosphere; we demand, too, greater firmness of hand to sustain the strength of the gigantic columns. This work, in short, looks as a clever enlargement of a small sketch. Mr. Read's 'Entrance to the Cloisters' of the same cathedral, a small drawing, has many of the qualities which we desiderate in his gigantic effort.—Like subjects by other artists claim more than passing notice, did space

permit. Mr. BURGESS, in such drawings as 'Cathedral and Street at Beauvais' (185), also another street from the same city (204), arrests, as it were, the crumbling detail of the decayed stone. Mr. SAMUEL EVANS, in 'Oberwessel' (106), is pleasant in greys and picturesque in forms. Mr. WILLIAM CALLOW, in 'The Remains of the Palace of the Dukes of Burgundy, Malines' (167), paints a picturesque building, with the telling contrast of colour to which he is addicted. Mr. E. A. GOODALL has caught admirable tone and keeping in the grey arched recesses of the 'Caffe Militari, Lago Maggiore' (64); and Mr. HOLLAND, with his rapturous love for colour, makes 'The Rialto' (84) span with its single arch of grey the emerald green of the canal beneath, set off by the red caps of Venetian boatmen.

For a long succession of years this society was safe in the possession of at least one masterly scene taken from stormy ocean, the handiwork of an illustrious member, Copley Fielding. The water-colour medium, indeed, well adapts its resources to the requirement of marine subjects. Its fluent wash of colour seems floating as the liquid wave; its facile execution sports with the dashing spray; its transparent tones are shadowy and transparent as the atmosphere. And hence the walls of this gallery will ever, we doubt not, be adorned with dramas drawn from the dashing sea. Mr. DUNCAN has in past years given us such works, some of the best of which were selected for the International Exhibition. This year, in 'Goodwin Sands' (77), and in 'A Ship in Distress, burning a Blue Light' (121), he falls into the style of melodrama and sensation, which evidently are his snare. The burning of a blue light is an effect which has so often been given, that an artist of Mr. Duncan's position should scarcely repeat the hacknied experiment, unless he can introduce some novel variations. But Mr. Duncan is always—be it spoken in his praise—bold of imagination; to his waves and clouds he imparts motion and action, and thus ocean, under his keeping, is always ready to break out into sublimity.—Mr. H. GASTINEAU, by virtue of a gigantic attempt, 'The Ascent from the South Stack Lighthouse to the Mainland, near Holyhead' (53), must, we presume, this year be classed among our painters of coast scenes. The artist here evidently determined that nothing should be wanting to the most terrific grandeur. Sea-gulls are screeching to distraction, lightning rends a sky awful in storm, and one shipwreck at least gives horror to the tempest-sea. The execution, it must be admitted, is not quite in keeping with this power in the elements.—Of several placid and pleasant drawings by Mr. S. P. JACKSON, 'Filly Brigg' (54) has obtained favourable notice. The couch of clouds here set in order for the sun's setting, solemnly stretched along the horizon, has poetry of intent, which finds response in the rippling waves beneath.—We must not pass without honourable mention two drawings by Mr. JOHN CALLOW, 'Fecamp, Normandy' (63), and 'Squally Weather on the Coast of Wales' (83).

The older school of landscape, broad in its effects, and often dramatic in its contrasts and situations—depending on a certain grandeur of subject and a balanced symmetry of composition, set off with telling lights and ominous shadows, storms oftentimes brooding in cloudland around mountain heights—of this older and more stately school of landscape art its chief masters, Harding, Richardson, Branwhite, and Fripp, are each this year in great strength. The drawing which has, perhaps, called for greatest admiration, especially among artists and those of the public possessed of requisite knowledge to

estimate its intrinsic and unpretending merit, is Mr. GEORGE FRIPP's 'Town of Llan Ogwen, on the road from Bangor to Capel Cûrig—the mountains Carneth David and Llewellyn in the distance' (24). This is one of the purest examples of the old transparent water-colour method, and the effect attained assuredly leaves little to be desired. The texture, the tone, and the keeping are unexceptionable; and what is more, space in its vastness, and atmosphere in its transparency, are supreme over minor detail. The pencilling of the distant mountains is most precise, giving, as it were, even the cubic contents of the giant mass; yet, though the hills be thus solid, they retire into dreamy distance as unsubstantial shadows.—Hung as a companion or in balance to this master-work by Mr. Fripp, is Mr. RICHARDSON's 'Hills of Loch Laggan' (12), thoroughly characteristic of the artist's manner and class of subject. Through the midst of a foreground thickly carpeted with heather and bracken, a mountain torrent dashes tumultuously, and a company of stags on its bank catch a scanty meal. In the distance a loch is seen, surrounded by hills and headlands. The purples, the blues, the reds, and the yellows in which this grand scene is decked, make a somewhat florid style, not on that account less popular.—The well-known scenic drawings by Mr. HARDING belong to the same genera. 'The Wellhorn and the Wellerhorn, near Meyringen' (153), are composed and executed with this artist's usual mastery.—Mr. BRANWHITE has a mission like to that of the poet Thomson—to paint the seasons. Winter especially he has taken under his peculiar charge—a stern old man with frosty locks, and gnarled-jointed limbs, which he depicts with telling character. Of the other seasons, summer ripening into autumn, his 'Welsh River' (154) is a good example. This artist seems equally happy whether he plunges in the gloom of a "black frost," or revel in the glory of an autumn sunset.—Mr. NEWTON, who hitherto has been a student of detail, must this year be ranked with nature's dramatists. His two large drawings, 'Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill' (99), and 'Shades of Evening' (202) on Lago Maggiore, though grand and impressive, startle the eye strangely by a lurid pallor, which demands the mitigation of modulating tones of tender grey.—The clever drawings of Mr. NAFTAL want repose. He is apt to be dotty and scratchy in his details. His 'Ancient City of Pontoni' (39), however, may be commended. It is true to the character, the clime, and the vegetation of the terraced roads on the blue Mediterranean.—The visions of Mr. SAMUEL PALMER, such as 'The Brother come Home from Sea' (220), and 'Sheep Shearers' (238), are always rapturous in colour, as if the earth were cloth of gold and the sky a liquid furnace. Such preternatural blazes do certainly great service in an exhibition, by their matchless power of diffusive light and heat.—Mr. DODGSON, in such drawings as 'Whitby Abbey' (246), and 'The Haunted House' (262), is impressive in poetic effect; and among contributions from Mr. W. C. SMITH, imposing by marked contrasts, we may mention because most quiet, 'West Ham Church, Pevensey' (206), and 'Trento, in the Tyrol' (149).—Mr. COLLINGWOOD has managed a difficult subject, 'Liverpool' (170), with skill.—Mr. WHITTAKER's 'Glyders, near Capel Cûrig' (141), is remarkable for its exquisite balance of harmonious colour. Any landscape peopled by cattle is generally pleasing: the dumb creatures look so placidly content, and their buccolic range of ideas, as they ruminate and chew the cud, consorts to perfection with pastoral tranquillity.—Mr.

BRITTAN WILLIS has several drawings that hit precisely this sentiment. 'Early Morning' (156)—in which he applies, on a green meadow background, the varied colour of cattle, in transition from black through russet brown, till he reaches red—may be mentioned as his most important work.—The pictures of D. Cox, Jun., belong to what we have designated the "older school of landscape;" they always remind us, though at a considerable distance, of those by his great father. 'Cornfield near Carshalton Station' (65), and 'Between Tan-y-Bwlch and Pont Aberglaslyn' (128), are the best he exhibits this year.

As leading, and we may add illustrious, members of the new school of landscape—a school of industrious detail, gathered in outdoor study—we note several first-class drawings by Mr. Birket Foster, Mr. C. Davidson, and Mr. Alfred W. Hunt. 'Lane Scene, Hambledon' (228), and 'Cottage at Chiddingfold' (284), highly elaborated by Mr. FOSTER, composed after the manner of vignettes, are perfect in their kind. Each point in these compositions is thoughtfully studied and carefully balanced, even to the placing of a group of fowls feeding. Each light and every shadow falls precisely in its fitting position, and the strokes of the facile pencil, infinite in multitude, are playful as a wind-dancing leaf. Colour, however, is lacking.—Mr. ALFRED W. HUNT in 'Schloss Elz' (151), with careful hand, has made minutest transcript of a scene so difficult that only skill could save it from confusion. In 'Mortham Tower, Rokeby' (250), he has worked with greater facility, and indulges moreover, through contrast between russet trunks and green foliage, in the delight of colour.—Two drawings by Mr. DAVIDSON 'Near Nutfield' (60), and 'From the Church Fields, Reigate' (111), can scarcely be surpassed for subtle artistic address. We do not speak only of the fineness shown in the drawing of the branches of the wintry trees, delicate as filigree work held up against an evening sky; the quality of colour, and the brilliancy, caught on a sun-lit bank set off with cattle and figures, are equally marvellous.

We reserve for a closing word a panorama picture of 'Palmyra' (186), by CARL HAAG, remarkable as a subject, and commendable as a drawing. The Temple of the Sun rising as an Acropolis, an avenue of columns stretching far along the plain, with the palace of Zenobia, the heroine of romantic story, occupies the middle distance. Beyond is a line of hills. The foreground is in solemn shadow, and a sulphur stream, which waters a few fertile gardens set with palms, winds its way sluggishly. This grand subject, painted with Mr. Haag's accustomed power, is executed as a commission from the Hon. Colonel Douglas Pennant, and will take in his residence a central position between two companion works, 'Baalbec' and the 'Acropolis of Athens.' The journey of Mr. Haag to Palmyra—at which he was able to remain for a longer period than is usually allotted to strangers among the treacherous tribes of these deserts—demanded courage and strength. The details of the expedition will be found pleasantly narrated in Miss Beaufort's "Egyptian Sepulchres and Syrian Shrines."

In conclusion we acknowledge that it has been a pleasant task to review an exhibition so choice in quality as the present. It is delightful for a critic to have to deal with works which furnish tempting topics for disquisition. His labour then becomes as easy as it is agreeable, and the greatest praise he can receive will be that he has succeeded in some small degree in translating into words the thoughts which the artist has, perhaps, more happily expressed through the greater precision of pictorial forms.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE twenty-ninth exhibition of the New Water-Colour Society opens under a fresh name, and in a newly-built gallery. The room presents, in its well-hung and evenly-lighted drawings, a pleasing appearance; and the steady advance, especially among the younger members and associates, made by the several exhibitors, gives assurance of the abiding vitality of this once new and young, but now mature and firmly established association.

Mr. TIDEY has been striving to reach the highest sphere, and this year he has well-nigh attained the bent of his ambition. To an old subject, 'Christ blessing Little Children' (245), he has given a reading which is new, liberal, and yet literal. Christ, a figure of calm nobility, stands with a child nestled in his arms beneath an open portico, the hills of Judah in the distance, and the multitude circling him round about. A hush of expectation, of wonder, and of worship, seems to have laid quiet hand upon the tempting Pharisee, the mother on bended knee, and the simple and innocent children. A Nubian woman, with her swarthy offspring, draws nigh, as if she too might share in a blessing destined to embrace all races and regions of the earth. The costume is not Raphaelesque but Bedouin; the drawing is guided by knowledge, the execution broad yet sufficiently detailed, the colour softly harmonious. The success of this work had been still greater were further power and contrast forced into the light and shade, the execution and the colour. This composition is commissioned, and will be published by one of the religious societies which set themselves to the good work of bringing the Bible, through pictorial illustrations, to the eyes, and thus to the consciences, of the multitude.

Mr. WEHNERT paints with strong hand a well-known incident in the history of early Italian Art—the abduction from a convent, by Fra Filippo Lippi, of the nun Lucrezia Buti (301). The fair and the hitherto taintless Lucrezia has been sitting for a picture of the Madonna, when Filippo, seized by ardent passion, urges his suit at her feet. The sequel will be remembered. The nun escapes from her convent; she is married. At length a dispensation sanctioning the union comes—but too late: the husband is dead, poisoned by his wife's relations. Mr. Wehnert's work, which gives merely the first scene in the drama, is masterly throughout. 'Don Quixote cleaning his Armour' (85), by the same artist, is grotesque, pushed one point too far. 'Pleasant Reflections' (92), also by Mr. Wehnert—the reflections in this case being the agreeable meeting of lovers' eyes in a mirror—is a work forced up to the boudoir pitch of finish.

Mr. JOPLING unites the prowess of arms with the pleasures of Art; the hand which with the rifle gained the Queen's first prize at Wimbledon, has painted in Rome 'Madre Col Bambino' (124), and 'O Sancta Madonna, ora pro me!' (178). This artist is gifted with an eye for colour, and sometimes shows a pencil precise in drawing, which only requires still further study to meet high reward. In the first of these two pictures the painted glass window, as a background to a peasant from the Roman Campagna, was a bold experiment, which, in its complete success, rescues the composition from the ordinary commonplace of such subjects.

Mr. CORBOULD, one of the most elaborate of our water-colour artists, contributes several

works. 'The Lady of Cromwell House' (8) is a stately dame, richly robed in velvet, standing in a chamber ornate with carving, coloured glass, and tapestry. The finish is, of course, of the finest. Mr. Corbould has been honoured with a commission from her Majesty the Queen, to paint 'A Memorial Design,' which is here exhibited (223). The Prince Consort, clad in armour, is putting the sword into the scabbard, an allegory which finds interpretation in the inscribed text—"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the work." The difficulties of the conception have taxed to the uttermost the artist's powers. The accessories, executed in monochrome with precision and mastery, all point to the central idea. The doors of the triptych, for example, are covered with types and antetypes derived from the Old and the New Testaments, Moses striking the rock, and the Crucifixion; beneath are two medallions, St. George and St. Michael slaying the dragon; and in the crowning arch above, Christ is enthroned in the midst of the symbols of the four Evangelists; the heavenly host join in the praises of God, and monarchs come and lay down their crowns at the feet of the Redeemer. This picture, in its motives, takes a range so unusual to our English Art, though the path has been well beaten by our German neighbours, that we have cited in full its circumstantial symbolism. Executed under the eye of sovereignty, it possesses, moreover, a melancholy interest, which claims reverent attention as the cherished memorial of a great and a good Prince, whose memory a bereaved Queen here seeks to consecrate.

The remaining figure-pictures and semi-historic compositions we must, for the sake of brevity, throw into one collective paragraph. The habitual refinement of Mr. BOUVIER does not grow into nerve and sinew. 'The Princess Elizabeth entering London a Prisoner of State' (280)—a contrast, truly, in condition to a more recent city procession—is a subject well chosen in its *éclat* as a remarkable episode in the destiny of a royal household. We are told that when the moment came for the Princess Elizabeth to enter London as a prisoner of state, her accustomed firmness returned; she ordered her people to uncover the litter in which she rode, that she might be seen by the people. It is added, her countenance was pale and even stern, her mien proud, haughty, and disdainful. Mr. Bouvier has stippled up this historic tableau as if it were a miniature on ivory. This exquisite finish would have gained still more worth were it made the last expression of pronounced character, or had it come as the final *finesse* of firm drawing, the only sure foundation of any great historic work.—'The Sunny Side of the Wall' (44), by Mr. HENRY WARREN, has a smack of nature, and shows a detailed study, which opens to the honoured president of this society, after his exhausted Eastern romance, the promise of a new career.—Mr. WEIGALL's figure of 'Sophia' (15), from the oft-painted hayfield interview in the "Vicar of Wakefield," deserves mention for its truth and simplicity.—Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY, who dates as heretofore from southern latitudes, lays trenchant hand upon strongly accented character, and throws in an intensity of colour with a profusion known only to tropic climes. Her Spanish 'Rivals for Church Patronage' (145) is a work after this sort. Severer study, especially in the forms of the drapery, and greater detail in execution, will give to the genius of this lady yet more worthy development.—Perhaps it is the fault in the subject, 'Kiss in the Ring, Hampstead Heath' (191), which here makes Mr. ADSOLON less

well ordered and symmetric in composition than in some of his best accredited works. The difficulties of the delicate dilemmas with which the artist has here to deal he has not met with his reputed tact. In another drawing, under the somewhat ambiguous title 'Where sorrow sleepeth wake it not' (263), Mr. Absolon becomes tragic. Here we are asked with curious eye, not unmoved by sympathy, to look upon a desolate maiden lying in the open fields, in a bed, as it were, of bracken and rough grass. A letter is loosened from her sleep-relaxed hand. The sun has gone down upon her sorrow in burning wrath. On that eve, we are led to conjecture, a star fell from heaven; wake her not. Certain parts of this melodrama are well put upon the paper.—The contributions of Mr. LOUIS HAGHE are, as usual, important. He seeks, as in former years, to give to subjects which in other hands might degenerate into mere costume and furniture painting, a noble historic bearing. His 'Improvisatore in the Roman Forum,' and his 'Arnold of Brescia before the Consistory at Rome,' of previous exhibitions, he follows up this season by two elaborate compositions touching the history of Venice (62) and of Fontainebleau (273). In the former we are introduced into the vault-like interior of St. Mark, radiant in gold, and redolent in picture mosaics. The doge, blind old Dondolo, has just taken the cross, and, led by knights and heralded by bishops, he walks the shadowed and crowded nave as if the grave were ready to open at his feet. The other scenic show painted by Mr. Haghe, 'Benvenuto Cellini and Francis I. at Fontainebleau,' is, we think, better executed. We are in the midst of a palace hall, richly carved, the panels hung with pictures. The French monarch, who may almost be taken as uniting in his own person an Italian Medici, a Spanish Charles V., and a British Charles I., stands surrounded by his courtiers. In the act of placing his hand of proud patronage upon the shoulder of Cellini, he exclaims, "I have at last found a man after my own heart."

The school of realistic naturalism finds in Mr. WERNER a literal and laborious exponent. He has been to Jerusalem, and brings us back the very stones which he, in common with other pilgrims, regards as sacred. 'The Walls of the Temple' (88), time-worn, yet still firm as a rock, 'The Castle of David and the Tower of Hippicus on Mount Zion' (160), and 'The Church of the Holy Sepulchre' (200), stand out in stereoscopic relief, and the broken texture of each crumbling detail seems to tell of the lapse of centuries, and the torture of those wars and persecutions which have laid the Holy City desolate. As a sojourner among these very scenes, the writer can attest to the accuracy of Mr. Werner's transcripts. The good work which this painter has done in the East finds its correspondence, yet contrast, in the studies of Mr. DEANE, gathered from the decaying cities of the West. Among the numerous picturesque drawings of this truth-seeking artist, we may take as a choice example, 'Old Houses in the Corn Market, Vitre, Brittany' (172). Each touch of the brush is as the handwriting on the wall, traced by Time's finger.

Animals, birds, fruits, and flowers are here found, each good after its kind. The sheep of Mr. SHALDERS, 'Near Alton' (107), also 'Near Farnham' (207), are well rounded in relief. The minute study of his bramble hedgerows shows the influence of Birket Foster.—The 'Roses' of Mrs. DUFFIELD (108 and 208) are soft and loose in the leaf, free in their growth as Nature herself, and scarcely less lovely.—'May' and 'Bird's

Nest' (247), by Miss MARY MARGETTS, recall the favourite works and best manner of William Hunt.—Mr. HARRISON WEIR, whose drawings for illustrations on wood have deservedly become popular, here tells a pleasing story in such compositions as 'The Twilight Hour' (111), wherein he makes a bird perched on a twigsing a song with moving sentiment!

Coming to pure landscape unadorned by extraneous accompaniments, we have every variety. Mr. BENNETT was one of the earliest among artists of the present generation venturing on greens, who were satisfied with humble greys, and he is now one of the latest who still sticks to transparent colour unincumbered by any opaque medium. We have seen Mr. BENNETT in greater strength than in the present year, yet an exhibition could ill afford to lose such drawings as 'Barden Tower and River Wharfe, Yorkshire' (57).—Mr. WHYMPER in 'Bodiam Castle' (48) also gives us unsophisticated unconventional nature, dressed in unpretended grey. This artist has possessed himself of a manner which stands apart by exceptional individuality.—'Ludlow, Salop, from Whitecliff' (16), by Mr. FAHEY, is a carefully executed drawing, composed of picturesque materials well arranged, yet rather wanting in colour.

Entering next upon schools of colour, we once again recognise Mr. ROWBOTHAM's agreeable romances from southern shores in 'Sorrento' (206).—Mr. LEITCH brings to the treatment of such scenes more intimate knowledge and not less skill. His 'Capo Santo Alessio, Sicily' (237) is brilliant, yet powerful and literal; and, coming to northern climes, his companion composition, 'The Breaking of the Mist on Ben Cruachan' (252), shows how a master-hand may evoke poetry and the transport of colour from regions sterile and stern.—It were unfair to pass without notice Mr. MAPLESTONE's 'Old Portsmouth Road' (142), leading among hill summits, blushing into purple red and gold under a burning sun.—Mr. EDMUND WARREN has, for some years past, represented in this exhibition the cause of so-called Pre-Raphaelite landscape. In the present season he has, at least in one illustrious exception, forsaken his green beech-wood shades for the open moorland (139), rich in the thick interwoven tapestry of heather and furze and bracken. The most elaborate landscape in this exhibition is, however, from the studio of Mr. REED: in 'The Reeks of McGillicuddy, Killarney,' we have mountains built up, as it were, atom by atom, section and strata piled one in succession on the other, till we reach the soaring summit piercing the canopy of the clouds. The artist by no means breaks down in his bold attempt, but remains firm at every step.

This "Institute," known hitherto as the "New Society," has, by the purchase of a building site, and in the erection of this gallery, shown commendable confidence in the worth of its mission. Of the material prosperity of the institution we are glad to receive this visible proof, and of its established status in the more aerial realms of the imagination, we desire that our preceding criticism shall offer persuading testimony. An exhibition which can sustain this fair general average need never be wanting in patronage, or find itself scanty in the number of its visitors. An institution such as this has a duty to perform and a mission to fulfil. Its duty towards itself and towards that national art of water-colour painting of which it is a fostering parent, is to maintain a high artistic stand-point; and its mission before the world is, to uphold and to diffuse through its public exhibitions those correct principles and practices which can alone promote the prosperity of an association and secure the welfare of an art.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THIS Association holds on its way flourishingly, in spite of cotton famines, income-tax, and all other presumed obstacles to success; it has attained to the growth of manhood, and develops its strength in a manner befitting its matured powers. The twenty-seventh annual meeting for the distribution of prizes was held on the 28th of April, at the Adelphi Theatre, when Lord Montagu, President of the Society, took the chair, and, in his preliminary remarks, expressed his pleasure in the satisfactory condition of the Association. Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., one of the honorary secretaries, then read the annual report, which stated that the subscriptions for the current year reached the sum of £12,858 6s.; this is nearly £3,000 in excess of the subscriptions of the preceding year. Throughout the kingdom and the colonies the warmest interest in the progress of the society continues to be manifested, and evidence is daily accumulating of the good effects which have been produced by its operations over a large part of the globe. In order to have the engravings issued to subscribers ready for delivery at or about the time of subscription, it becomes necessary for the council to incur heavy liabilities in advance,—to engage for the payment of large sums of money out of subscriptions not merely as yet unpaid, but that might never be forthcoming. Engravings, for example, after Mr. MacIose and Mr. Frith, involving an expenditure to the extent of £5,000, have already been in hand for two or three years, and are not yet completed. The assured stability, however, of the Association, and the existence of the reserved fund, which is now £11,077, prevent any apprehensions for the future.

Of the £12,858 subscribed, as just stated, rather more than one-half was set apart for the purchase of prizes, the remainder being absorbed by the cost of the engravings, and by the current expenses of all kinds. The amount allotted for prizes, £6,487 10s., was apportioned thus:—two prizes of £200 each; three of £100; three of £75; ten of £50; twelve of £40; twelve of £35; twenty of £25; twenty-five of £20; thirty of £15; and thirty-five of £10 each. To these were added, Calder Marshall's well-known life-size statue of 'The Dancing Girl Reposing'; 6 bronze statuettes of Foley's 'Caractacus'; 200 porcelain statuettes of Durham's 'Go to Sleep'; 300 porcelain copies of Mrs. Thornycroft's bust of the Princess of Wales, an engraving of which will be issued in the *Art-Journal* next month; 100 tazzas commemorative of the late Prince Consort, designed by J. Leighton; 150 pairs of bas-reliefs, in stilette ivory, of subjects from Milton, by E. Wyon and R. Jefferson; and 200 books of twelve etchings by E. Radclyffe, from the works of the late David Cox. The number of prizes amounted to 1,109. The report further alluded to the offer by the council, which we noticed some time ago, of a premium of £600, for a life-size figure or group in marble, to be competed for by finished models in plaster. It is only justice to this Association to record the fact that it has expended more than £300,000 on works of Art, which have been distributed over the whole civilised world.

At the drawing for prizes, the statue of the 'Dancing Girl' became the property of Mr. C. L. Kenning, of Little Brington, Northamptonshire; it is not every subscriber to the Art-Union of London who is in a position to give a suitable habitation to a life-size statue; we only trust the fortunate winner of this beautiful work may be; and that he will not, therefore, be compelled to regard his acquisition as did the man to whom an elephant was presented, but who had no room to bestow the costly gift. The two prizes of £200 each were drawn respectively by Mr. R. Porrett, F.R.S., of Bernard Street, Russell Square, and Mr. J. H. Murchison, Kingston-on-Thames; and those of £100 each by Mr. J. Anderson, Margaret Street; T. Henderson, Northumberland Wharf; and J. Menzies, Kincardine.

Since the last annual meeting two vacancies have occurred in the council by the death of Mr. H. T. Hope, and the retirement of Mr. W. Ewart, M.P.; their places have been filled by the election of Messrs. E. S. Dallas and J. Anderson Rose.

PICTURE SALES.

THE BICKNELL COLLECTION.

WITHIN our memory no sale of English pictures has attracted such universal interest among artists, amateurs, and connoisseurs, as that of the collection of the late Elhanan Bicknell, Esq., of Camberwell. For several weeks prior to the sale, the mansion of the deceased gentleman at Herne Hill was visited by large numbers, anxious to see these famous works as they hung on the walls; and on the three days of "private view" at Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods', the rooms in King Street were thronged with visitors. Speculation was busy as to the amount the collection would probably realise; but although it was known that the gallery included some of the finest examples of the English school of painting, very many of which were direct commissions from the late owner, the utmost limit of conjecture failed to reach the sum at which the whole was disposed of. It is certainly much to be regretted that a collection of pictures got together with so much judgment and at a large expenditure of money should be dispersed. What a noble addition would it have made to the Vernon and Sheepshanks galleries if bequeathed to the nation! This, however, could not be expected with justice to Mr. Bicknell's family.

The number of pictures submitted for sale by Messrs. Christie & Co., on the 25th of April, was one hundred and twenty-two, which included ten by Turner, and works by the greatest painters of our school. In giving a list of the principal pictures, with the prices they realised, and the names of the purchasers, we follow the arrangement of the auctioneers' catalogue:—

'Coast Scene, Sunset,' A. Clint, 130 gs. (Rippe); 'Sheerness,' G. Chambers, 110 gs. (Agnew); eight small paintings illustrative of *Boccaccio*, by Stothart, 245 gs. (Mackay and others); 'Dunstaffnage Castle,' Copley Fielding, a very small picture, 102 gs. (Heugh); 'Miss Siddons,' Sir T. Lawrence, 140 gs. (Wells); 'View near Edinburgh, with Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craigs,' P. Nasmyth, 165 gs. (Gibbs); 'A Cornfield,' H. Jutsum, 130 gs. (Eaton); 'Interior of the Church of St. Miguel, Xeres de Frontera, Spain,' D. Roberts, 570 gs. (Agnew); 'Orange Gatherers,' T. Uwins, 124 gs. (Heugh); 'Rochester Bridge and Castle,' Sir A. W. Calcott, 490 gs. (Agnew); 'The Disputed Title,' T. Webster, 270 gs. (Agnew); 'View near Southampton,' Sir A. W. Calcott, 100 gs. (Agnew); 'Boats and Shipping,' G. Chambers, 195 gs. (Agnew); 'Sunday Morning in Scotland,' A. Johnston, 135 gs. (Martineau); 'The Ravine, Petra,' D. Roberts, 280 gs. (Lloyd); 'The Naiad,' a very small oval picture, W. E. Frost, 111 gs. (Martineau); 'Scene on the Borders of Dartmoor,' P. R. Lee, 165 gs. (Holmes); 'Tyre,' D. Roberts, 350 gs. (Rhodes); 'Sidon,' D. Roberts, 360 gs. (Rhodes); 'Musidora,' small oval, W. E. Frost, 105 gs. (Agnew); 'Tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii,' R. Wilson, 106 gs. (Rutley); 'A Street in Cairo,' D. Roberts, 505 gs. (Agnew); 'Scene in Devonshire,' W. Müller, 300 gs. (Agnew); 'The Syrens,' W. E. Frost, 294 gs. (Leggatt);—this picture, an engraving of which accompanied a biographical sketch of the artist, published in the *Art-Journal* in 1857, was stated in Messrs. Christie's catalogue to be "a small replica of the painting in her Majesty's collection;" if this be so, though we have no recollection of such a work in any of the Royal galleries, it must be that painted by Mr. Frost for the late Mr. Andrews, of York, and exhibited at the British Institution in 1849: in the remarks made by us on this picture in 1857, we stated a small replica had been made for Mr. Bicknell. 'An Interior, with Cow and Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, 250 gs. (Eaton); 'The Impenitent,' T. Webster, 350 gs. (Leggatt); 'Landscape, with Sheep,' T. Gainborough, 380 gs. (Wallis); 'The Chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella at Grenada,' D. Roberts, 260 gs. (Wells); 'Lane Scene near Epping,' P. Nasmyth, 195 gs. (Moore); 'Melrose Abbey,' D. Roberts, 260 gs. (Vokins); 'Shipping, Coast near St. Malo,' C. Stanfield, 1,230 gs. (Vokins); 'Choir of the Church of Santa Maria Novello, Florence,' L. Haghe, 290 gs. (Holloway); 'Early Morning on the Sussex Coast,' W. Collins, 960 gs. (Agnew); 'The Stepping Stones,' T. Cres-

wick, 250 gs. (Jewell); 'The Prize Calf,' Sir E. Landseer, 1,800 gs. (Wallis); 'The Triumph of Amphitrite,' W. Hilton, 270 gs. (Rought); 'Repose,' T. Gainborough, 780 gs. (Woods); 'Karnac—the Hall of Columns,' D. Roberts, 320 gs. (Gambart); 'Selling Fish,' W. Collins, 1,170 gs. (Agnew); 'Raising the May-pole,' F. Goodall, the finished sketch for the large picture in the Vernon Collection, 600 gs. (Agnew); 'Interior of St. Gomar, Lierre, Belgium,' D. Roberts, 1,370 gs. (Wells); 'King Josiah with Elisha,' W. Dyce, engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1860, 230 gs. (Herbert); 'Antwerp—Van Goyen looking out for a Subject,' J. M. W. Turner, 2,510 gs. (Agnew); 'The Village of Gillingham, Kent,' W. Müller, 390 gs. (Leggatt); 'An Artist in his Studio,' L. Haghe, 175 gs. (Vokins); 'Christ and the Two Disciples at Emmaus,' J. Linnell, 285 gs. (Agnew); 'Lago di Garda, Lombardy,' C. Stanfield, 820 gs. (Vokins); 'Helvoetsluis—the City of Utrecht, '64: going to Sea,' J. M. W. Turner, 1,600 gs. (Agnew); 'Good Night!' T. Webster, 1,160 gs. (Agnew); 'Ivy Bridge, Devonshire,' J. M. W. Turner, an early example, 880 gs. (Martineau); 'Two Dogs—Looking for the Crumbs that fall from the Great Man's Table,' Sir E. Landseer, 2,300 gs. (Wells); 'The Ruins of Baalbec,' D. Roberts, 750 gs. (Vokins); 'Beilstein, the Hunsrueh Mountains in the distance,' C. Stanfield, 1,500 gs. (Wells); 'Wreckers, Coast of Northumberland; Steamboat assisting Ship off the Shore,' J. M. W. Turner, 1,890 gs. (Agnew); 'Euphrosyne,' W. E. Frost, 780 gs. (Agnew); 'Calder Bridge, Cumberland,' J. M. W. Turner, an early example, 500 gs. (H. Bicknell); 'A Contadina Family returning from a Festa—Prisoners with Banditti,' Sir C. L. Eastlake, 500 gs. (Agnew); 'Venice—the Campo Santo,' J. M. W. Turner, £2,000 (Agnew); 'An English Landscape, with cattle finished by Sir E. Landseer, Sir A. W. Calcott, 2,950 gs. (Agnew); 'The Smile and The Frown,' T. Webster, 1,600 gs. (Flatow); 'Venice—the Giudecca, Santa Maria della Salute, and San Giorgio Maggiore,' J. M. W. Turner, 1,650 gs. (Agnew); 'The Highland Shepherd,' Sir E. Landseer, 2,230 gs. (Agnew); 'Ehrenbreitstein,' J. M. W. Turner, 1,800 gs. (Agnew); 'The Heiress,' C. R. Leslie, 1,260 gs. (Wallis); 'Port Ruysdael,' J. M. W. Turner, 1,900 gs. (Agnew); 'Pic du Midi D'Ossau, in the Pyrenees, with Smugglers,' C. Stanfield, 2,550 gs. (Vokins); 'Palestrina,' J. M. W. Turner, 1,900 gs. (H. Bicknell).

The mansion of Mr. Bicknell was adorned with numerous specimens of sculptured works; these were sold after the paintings. Busts of Locke, Shakspeare, Milton, and Newton, by E. H. Baily, realised about 26 guineas each; 'Eve listening to the Voice,' by the same sculptor, was knocked down for 250 guineas to Mr. Grissell; Mr. Agnew bought a 'Head of a Nymph' and 'Young Augustus,' by Gibson, for 245 guineas, and W. Calder Marshall's 'Hebe' for 200 guineas; Baily's life-size statues of 'Paris,' 'Helen,' and 'Psyche,' fell to the bidding of Mr. Rippe for 610 guineas, and his 'Cupid' to that of Mr. Rhodes for 240 guineas.

Were it not for the crowded state of our columns this month, occasioned by the notices of the Royal Academy and other exhibitions, we should be induced to make some comments on the character and results of this sale, which is certainly a remarkable one, and suggestive of many topics of consideration relative to the condition and prospects of Art in this country. There are, nevertheless, one or two points that we cannot forbear from touching upon. It is quite evident that the works of our leading painters are, from some cause or other, rising in value to a price which puts them far beyond the reach of people of moderate means. Mr. Bicknell commenced to form his gallery about thirty or thirty-five years ago, we believe, and it is said to have cost him £25,000, or thereabouts; the oil-pictures and sculptures were sold the other day for £58,600, or considerably more than double the amount their late owner paid for them. We are astonished at the enormous advance in the presumed value of some of the works in the Bicknell gallery; for example, Calcott's 'English Landscape,' formerly in the collection of Mr. Knott, when his pictures were sold by Messrs. Christie in 1845, was knocked down, amidst the applause

of those assembled in the auction-room, for 950 guineas, a large sum as it was then thought. Since that time Sir E. Landseer has "worked up" the cattle, and the picture, at the recent sale, was considered to be worth 2,000 guineas more. It might well be asked, as we have been asked, "Is this a real or fictitious value put upon it?" Mr. Knott is said to have paid Calcott 400 guineas for the painting. Again, Webster's pair of well-known small pictures, 'The Smile' and 'The Frown,' belonged also to Mr. Knott, who, it was understood, paid the artist £150 for them; in 1845 they realised 350 guineas, but in 1863 they advanced to 1,600 guineas!

Almost the whole of the Bicknell collection fell to the biddings of the dealers, some of whom, probably, bought on commission. Messrs. Agnew, of Manchester and Liverpool, who, we have heard, offered £50,000 for the whole gallery, bought twenty-five of the pictures just enumerated, for which they paid, in round numbers, 26,720 guineas, giving an average of more than 1,000 guineas each; and if we bear in mind that the dealer has to charge his commission on the purchase, or, if he buys on his own account, will only sell again at a profit, we have some idea what the next buyer will be compelled to pay for his acquisition. Messrs. Vokins were the next largest purchasers; they bought six pictures for 5,785 guineas, or rather less than an average of 1,000 guineas. Mr. Wells paid 5,670 guineas for five pictures, and Mr. Wallis 3,440 guineas for three, or rather more than 1,100 guineas each. Mr. H. Bicknell, a son of the late owner, bought three paintings at a cost of 2,500 guineas, one of them being Turner's famous 'Palestrina,' for which he paid 1,900 guineas.

Of the fate of the sculptures we feel quite ashamed to write: the result of the sale shows how little this noble art is really appreciated in England, notwithstanding the numerous public commissions given to our sculptors. Admitting—but only for the sake of argument—that these last works were, probably, not of the very highest order of merit, would it yet be credited, that four life-size statues in marble, by Baily, whose works have a reputation throughout Europe, should be deemed of little higher pecuniary value than a small canvas painted by Webster? and that his beautiful figure of 'Eve listening to the Voice' could find no "advance" on 250 guineas? or Calder Marshall's graceful 'Hebe' none on 200 guineas?

Mr. Bicknell's collection of water-colour pictures, in no way inferior to the oil-paintings, was sold on the 29th of April and two following days. On the first day one hundred and thirty examples were brought forward for competition, most of which were eagerly sought after by the dealers, who again constituted the chief, if not almost the only, bidders. The drawings include specimens of the works of J. M. W. Turner, Stanfield, D. Roberts, Dewint, Prout, Copley Fielding, Harding, Müller, W. Hunt, Nesfield, Barrett, and others; but there were six by Copley Fielding which especially attracted attention, and were run up to enormous prices, namely—'Bridlington Harbour, with Shipping,' 530 gs. (Wells); 'Bowhill Downs, near Chichester,' 392 gs. (Wallis); 'Rivaux Abbey,' 400 gs. (Vokins); 'Rivaux Abbey, Evening,' 600 gs. (Vokins); 'Traeth Mawr, North Wales,' 420 gs. (Wells); 'Loch Katrine,' a smaller work than the preceding, 260 gs. (Wells). The other pictures most deserving of notice were—'Corn Harvest,' P. Dewint, 101 gs. (Sir J. Hippersley); 'Amiens,' and the 'Porch of a Cathedral,' a pair, by S. Prout, 212 gs. (Vokins); 'Honfleur, Mouth of the Seine,' C. Stanfield, £104 (Herbert); 'Rebecca at the Well,' H. Warren, 150 gs. (Agnew); 'River Scene, Canterbury Meadows,' P. Dewint, 270 gs. (Herbert); 'Barncastle, on the Moselle,' J. D. Harding, 280 gs. (Wells); 'The Himalaya Mountains,' and its companion, J. M. W. Turner, 330 gs. (Vokins); three vignette drawings by the same artist, 'The Lighthouse at Havre, Moonlight,' 105 gs. (Moore); 'Lake of Geneva from the Jura, Mont Blanc in the distance,' 141 gs. (Grindlay); and 'Lighthouse of the Hève, Mouth of the Seine,' 103 gs. (Colnaghi); three cabinet-size drawings by D. Roberts, 'Hotel de Ville, Rouen,' 'The Temple of the Sun, Baalbec,' and 'A Street in Cairo,' 277 gs. (Wells); 'A Peasant Girl seated in a Chair,'

W. Hunt, 101 gs. (Agnew); 'The Rhigi,' J. M. W. Turner, 296 gs. (Agnew); 'The Grand Square of Tetuan, from the Jews' Town, during the celebration of the marriage ceremonies of the Governor's Son, in April, 1833,' D. Roberts, 410 gs. (Wells). The first day's sale realised £7,465.

The second day's sale of drawings included a number of very beautiful enamels by H. Bone; these, and the water-colour pictures constituted one hundred and forty "lots." Of the latter works the most important were—'Sunderland,' C. Stanfield, 135 gs. (Colnaghi); 'The Tambourine Girl,' W. Hunt, 190 gs. (Holmes); 'The Harvest Field,' P. Dewint, 250 gs. (Graves); 'Interior of a Cathedral,' S. Prout, 106 gs. (Agnew); 'La Place de la Pucelle, Rouen,' S. Prout, 140 gs. (Wells); 'Gleaners distributed in a Cornfield,' P. Dewint, 365 gs. (Graves); 'Porch of Chartres Cathedral,' S. Prout, 120 gs. (Agnew); 'A Peasant Girl, with a Basket, seated,' W. Hunt, 183 gs. (Agnew); 'Ulm,' S. Prout, 121 gs. (Agnew); 'Langdale Pikes, Westmoreland,' Copley Fielding, 350 gs. (Wells); 'The Castle of Elz, near Coblenz,' J. M. W. Turner, 160 gs. (Agnew); 'Rouen,' J. M. W. Turner, 200 gs. (Agnew); 'The Chateau Gaillard, on the Seine,' J. M. W. Turner, 170 gs. (Agnew), these three were very small drawings; 'The Seminario and Cathedral of Santiago,' D. Roberts, 250 gs. (Wells); 'The Lake of Lucerne,' J. M. W. Turner, 680 gs. (Colnaghi); 'Crawborough Hill, Sussex,' Copley Fielding, 700 gs. (Wells); 'Grapes, Peaches, and Rose Hips,' W. Hunt, 112 gs. (Agnew). The last in the catalogue of the day were four views in Yorkshire, painted by Turner for the late Sir H. Pilkington:—'Scarborough Castle—Boys Crab Fishing, signed and dated 1809,' 250 gs.; 'Mowbray Lodge, Ripon,' 510 gs.; 'The Moor—Grouse Shooting, the dogs painted by Stubbs,' 430 gs.; 'Woodcock Shooting, a Scene on the Chiver,' 510 gs. The four drawings were purchased by Mr. Wells. This day's sale realised £8,315 10s.

The third day's sale was of very small importance, the "lots" averaging only a few shillings each, and realising in the aggregate £172.

The total amount produced by the Bicknell Gallery reached the large sum of £78,271.

We have alluded already to the large increased price paid at the sale for two or three of the pictures. The *Athenaeum* has published a considerable list of the comparative sums paid by Mr. Bicknell for his acquisitions, and what they lately were sold for. We extract the following items:—'Street in Cairo' (£50), 505 gs.; 'Melrose Abbey' (£40), 260 gs.; 'Interior of St. Gomar, Lierre' (£300), 1,370 gs.; 'Ruins of Baalbec' (£250), 700 gs.; these are by D. Roberts. 'The Syrens,' W. E. Frost (£54), 294 gs.; 'The Heiress,' Leslie (£300), 1,200 gs.; 'The Village of Gillingham,' Müller (60 gs.), 300 gs.; 'The Impenitent,' T. Webster (£100), 350 gs.; 'Good Night,' T. Webster (250 gs.), 1,160 gs.; 'Shipping, Coast near St. Malo' (150 gs.), 1,230 gs.; 'Lago di Garda' (150 gs.), 820 gs.; 'Boilestein' (250 gs.), 1,500 gs.; 'Pic du Midi d'Ossan' (700 gs.), 2,550 gs.; these are by Stanfield: 'Early Morning on the Sussex Coast' (320 gs.), 960 gs.; 'Selling Fish' (400 gs.), 1,170 gs.; both by Collins: 'The Stepping Stones,' T. Creswick (70 gs.), 250 gs.; 'The Prize Calf' (400 gs.), 1,800 gs.; 'The Two Dogs' (£300), 2,300 gs.; 'The Highland Shepherd' (£350), 2,230 gs.; three pictures by Landseer: 'Raising the Maypole,' F. Goodall (£295), 600 gs.; 'Antwerp' (300 gs.), 2,510 gs.; 'Helvoetsluis' (270 gs.), 1,600 gs.; 'Wreckers' (275 gs.), 1,800 gs.; 'Venice—the Campo Santo' (250 gs.), £2,000; 'Venice—the Giudecca' (252 gs.), 1,650 gs.; 'Ehrenbreitstein' (£401), 1,800 gs.; 'Port Ruysdael' (300 gs.), 1,900 gs.; all by Turner.

Of the water-colour drawings we have only space to point out a few notable examples of increased nominal value:—'A Bunch of Grapes, two Peaches, and Rose Hips,' W. Hunt (25 gs.), 112 gs.; 'Amiens' (8 gs.), 110 gs.; 'Interior of a Cathedral' (6 gs.), 106 gs.; 'Porch of Chartres Cathedral' (6 gs.), 120 gs.; by Prout: 'Bridlington Harbour' (36 gs.), 530 gs.; 'Rivaux Abbey' (50 gs.), 460 gs.; 'Rivaux Abbey, Evening' (42 gs.), 600 gs.; 'Traeth Mawr' (25 gs.), 430 gs.; 'Crowborough Hill' (25 gs.), 760 gs.; all by Copley Fielding.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION, CONSTANTINOPLE.

[We have obtained the co-operation of a competent correspondent in Constantinople to supply us with such information on the subject of the Industrial Exhibition there as it may be desirable to offer to our readers; we may also give engravings of some of the leading objects exhibited. We were under the impression that the magnitude and importance of the collection would be such as to justify us in sending to the East a "special reporter," in order to describe the Exhibition fully and effectively; we have been led to believe, however, that by the means now adopted we shall give all such descriptions and details as may sufficiently answer our purpose and that of the British public. The Exhibition contains but a very limited series of objects that could be engraved with advantage.]

The first impression produced on the mind of an Englishman on hearing, in November last, of the proposed Turkish Industrial Exhibition, was probably one of wonder that among so apathetic and semi-barbarous a nation such a scheme could ever have originated. His next impression would be one of doubt whether such scheme could ever be carried out with any adequate success. It would almost require a visit to the Exhibition, as it now exists, to remove these two impressions. It is an unquestionable fact that—in spite of many defects in management and organisation—the building itself, with its external and internal decorations, the harmonious and elegant arrangement of the objects contained in it, and the intrinsic worth and merit of many of those objects, entitle the Ottoman Industrial Exhibition to take a much higher stand than might have been expected. The site chosen is one abounding in historical associations, being on the ancient Hippodrome of Constantinople, where races and public games were held in the time of Constantine the Great. It is also said that here Belisarius received the triumphant acclamations of the people, after his victory over the Persians; and on this spot he afterwards solicited charity, in his blindness, from the same people whose lives and fortunes he had saved. To the right of the open space stands the Mosque of St. Sophia, and within a short distance the more beautiful, but less interesting, Mosque of Sultan Achmet. The Exhibition building occupies about two acres of ground, and is of a light, graceful style of architecture, chiefly Moorish in character. The interior consists of one large room or court, surrounding a prettily-arranged garden in the centre, with marble fountains, rose trees, azaleas, and other exotics. Birds in gilt cages are suspended among the flowers, and a band of music also adds to the enjoyment of those who can find any in Turkish instrumentation. The prevailing colour of the decorations on the roof and walls is green, which has a pleasant effect on the eye, and around the centre court flags of green and red, bearing the crescent and the star, are disposed alternately with much grace. The *coup d'œil*, on entering the building, is very striking and gratifying, and one is impressed by the idea that French or other European artists must have been at work in the arrangement of the different trophies; but it is confidently asserted—but not necessarily credited—that the Turks have carried out the entire arrangements unassisted. As might be expected, carpets form the staple article of exhibition, and they are displayed with picturesque effect throughout the whole building. The columns supporting the glazed roof are each surrounded by carpets, the walls are covered with them, and they are used as draperies for doors and windows wherever they can be introduced. The contrasts of colour which are thus obtained are marvellously beautiful, and at once give an Oriental magnificence to the scene. The richest and most valuable carpets are those of Smyrna and Aleppo, of which there are several fine specimens. The colours of these are in general subdued, but they are at the same time unalterable; the most violent acids are said to have no effect in changing them. The prices vary from £5 to £25. From Salonica there are carpets of beautiful design and brilliant colouring, varying from £5 to £15, and from Damascus at a much cheaper rate. The

richly embroidered rugs of Broussa deserve a special mention; they are in great request among the natives for the purpose of kneeling upon during their devotions, and large prices are paid for them. The collection of jewels exhibited by the Sultan and others almost rivals the display made at the South Kensington Exhibition last year. The Sultan's contribution alone is valued at £2,000,000. There are several cases containing elaborate specimens of gold and silver filigree work, for which the Easterns are so deservedly celebrated, and, of course, numerous gorgeous chibouques, and pipes of every description. The display of Ottoman saddlery is very creditable, many of the designs being highly artistic and graceful. The brocaded stuffs, the embroidered muslins, the silk fabrics of Broussa, Bagdad, &c., are all largely and tastefully represented; while the fertility of the soil is manifested by a collection of cereal productions, arranged on graduated shelves around the centre Court. A simple annex attached to the building contains specimens of machinery, which have been sent from England and elsewhere. No other articles of foreign production or manufacture have been admitted, and the Exhibition preserves the purely national character which it professes to do. Much praise is due to the Sultan, who has given the greatest personal encouragement to the novel scheme from the first, and it is gratifying to find that the result is likely to prove a perfect success. On a future occasion we shall be glad to give a description of some of the more striking objects in this brilliant assemblage of Turkish Art and manufacture. It may be interesting to our readers to learn that, during three days in the week, the Exhibition is open to lady visitors alone, and the price of admission is now fixed at the low sum of three piastres—equal to an English sixpence.

OBITUARY.

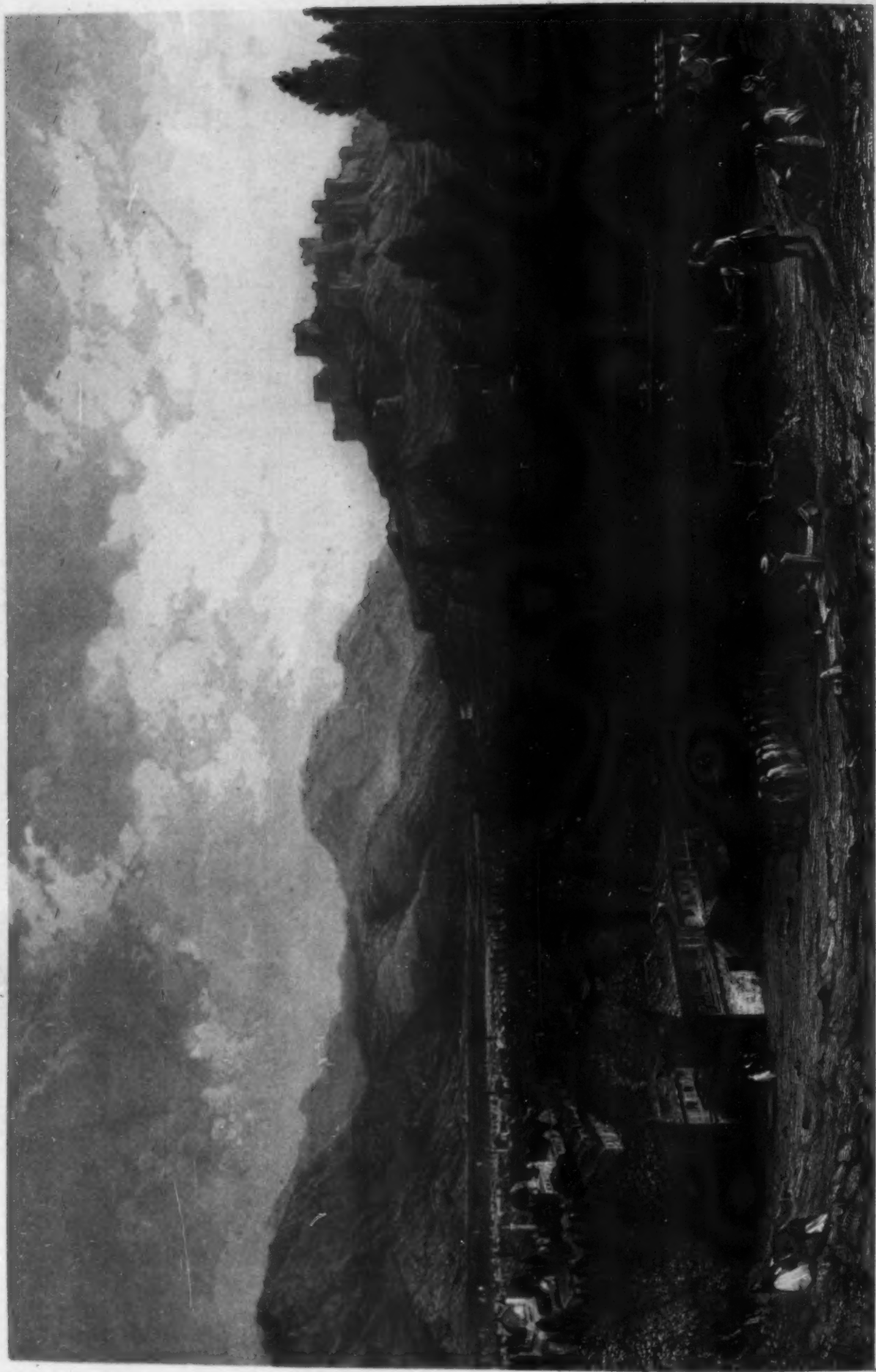
HENRY HESS.

A communication from a correspondent at Munich sets at rest the question as to which of the two brothers Hess has been recently removed by death. It is Henry, and not Peter, as we stated last month from a notice to that effect published in some of the daily papers.

Henry Hess was born at Dusseldorf in 1798, and studied at the Academy of Munich. In 1826, he was in Rome, when he received instructions from the King of Bavaria to execute a series of paintings, partly in fresco, for the Chapel of All Saints, a new edifice behind the palace of Munich, erected from the designs of Von Klenze. These pictures, the majority of which are from Hess's designs, were partly executed by himself, and partly in conjunction with his pupils; they are his most famous works. The subjects, about fifty in number, are taken from the Old and New Testaments, except the compartments above the altar, which contain illustrations of the Seven Sacraments. In the frescoes, Hess has showed himself not unworthy of being classed with some of the old painters of sacred history, his style bearing a strong resemblance to that of Bernard Luini.

His oil-pictures are not very numerous, and, consequently, are held in much estimation in his own country. The principal of these are—'St. Luke,' in the royal collection at Berlin—it was painted when Hess was only eighteen years of age;—a 'Holy Family'; 'The Descent from the Cross,' in the Church of the Theatines, Munich; 'Faith, Hope, and Charity,' in the Leuchtenberg Gallery, Munich; and 'Christmas Eve,' a group of angels descending to the earth, one of them bearing the infant Christ, who carries a palm-branch in his hand; another, whose face is covered by her left hand, holds a small cross in her left, typical of the Saviour's death. This picture is in the possession of Baron d'Eichthal, a Bavarian noble; it has been lithographed, and the print is most popular in Germany. Among Hess's latest works were the designs for the great north window of stained glass in the cathedral of Glasgow.





THOS ALLOM, PINXT

J.B. ALLEN, SCULPT

SMYRNA.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF G. VIRTUE, ESQ.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA MINOR.

SMYRNA.

"THE Crown of Ionia, the ornament of Asia," Smyrna, is the chief seaport of Asia Minor. Breasting the waves of time, as she has done the ocean waves lashing against her seaboard, she exists, in her ancient remains and her modern buildings, a monument of past grandeur and of continuous prosperity. The sources of the Nile have been lately discovered, and at length the speculations of ages are set at rest; but mounting the stream of life's mighty river, it is impossible to discover the source of Smyrna's greatness, or to reveal her birth and origin. The antiquarians of the city in ancient days contended, as Tacitus informs us, that Smyrna was built either by Tantalus, the offspring of Jove, or by Theseus, himself of divine origin; or if not by one of these superior individuals, certainly by one of the Amazons (Tac. Ann. lib. iv., c. 56). Tradition seems to have regarded the Amazon with the greatest favour, and accordingly the stupendous architecture which still crowns a hill, the probable site of the ancient Smyrna, but at some distance from the modern, is called "Amazonian." Extravagance of pretension has intruded itself where absolute obscurity hung over the history of Smyrna. If in these days we are unable to accord the credit of classic ages to the traditions of Tantalus, Theseus, or the Amazons, we may turn a more willing ear to the story which the Smyranean people promulgated, that their city was the birthplace of the Father and Prince of Poets—Homer. In school-boy days we all learned the lines—

"Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodes, Argos, Athens, Orlus do patria certat, Homere tua!"

The seven cities never having settled their contention, we are left in obscurity as to which of them really was the poet's birthplace—assuming that there was such a person as Homer, for even upon this point our historical sceptics have created doubts. When the schoolboy has well learned his *Iliad*, and the man committed to memory the household words of his Shakespeare, it is not perhaps very pleasant to be confronted with the pamphleteer's inquiry, "Is Homer a myth?" "Did such a man as Shakespeare ever live?" There can be no question that the people of Smyrna had full confidence in the bodily existence of Homer. Their story ran, that his mother, going with companions to celebrate some festival at a neighbouring town, was suddenly taken in labours by the banks of the Meles, where she brought forth the future poet. It is perhaps unfortunate for the acceptance of the story, that the poet himself should nowhere make mention of this poetical fashion of his birth. That a temple to Homer existed at Smyrna there is little doubt; and that a cavern still exists in which he is said to have composed his *Iliad*, no one need doubt who visits the city, and feels disposed to excite the Turkish scent after money and capacity for invention by the exhibition of European credulity and curiosity.

But where was ancient Smyrna? and what was ancient Smyrna? If obscurity rests upon its origin, so also speculation and conjecture are obliged to be busy in settling its site. We shall perhaps be most perspicuous if we distinguish three Smyrnas in history—the first the mythic, the second the historic, the third the Turkish.

By calling the first Smyrna mythic, it must not be supposed that we mean to doubt the existence of such a place, but mainly to signify that we know nothing about it, save and except such knowledge as myths supply in the absence of facts.

The Smyranean people, it is commonly narrated, originally inhabited part of Ephesus, and took their name from Smyrna, an Amazon, under whose conduct they probably migrated, she becoming the founder of the settlement which acquired a local habitation and a name from her. In consequence, Smyrna was regarded as a colony of Ephesus.

That the Amazonian city was destroyed, all historians seem agreed, though they differ considerably as to the authors of its destruction.

The Ephesian colonists are stated by Strabo and Pliny to have been expelled by the Æolians; and to have taken refuge at Colophon, by the people of which city they were eventually aided in re-establishing themselves. Herodotus, however, asserts that Smyrna was always Æolian; that the Colophonians had been admitted into it; and that during some festival they made themselves masters of the place. The probability seems to be, that Smyrna did belong to the Æolian confederation until B.C. 688, when, by the treacherous act of the Colophonians, it became an Ionian possession, and was admitted as the thirteenth city in the Ionian League. It was vainly attacked by Gyges, king of Lydia, and resident at the neighbouring city of Sardis. Its peaceful participation in the Ionic confederation, however, was not destined to be of long duration; for B.C. 627, the third king of Lydia in succession from Gyges, Alyattes, father of the celebrated Croesus, attacked and destroyed Smyrna. With this incident the history of the original, or (as we have entitled it) mythic Smyrna, ends.

It may at first sight appear to the reader curious that we should take so much trouble to trace the fabled origin of the primitive city, and to note what Strabo, Pliny, or Herodotus have said of it, when we are compelled to confess that the second and third cities bearing the name have no possible connection with the Amazonian and Æolian settlement. We have the authority of Strabo for the fact that the Smyrna of his time, the origin of which we shall presently describe, was more than (according to English measurement) two miles removed from the site of the original settlement. An accurate eye, and a close examination of the geographical conformation of the country skirting the Gulf of Smyrna, will lead any traveller to conclude that the assertion of Strabo is correct. An obstacle to the realisation of this fact among travellers who have only given the country cursory observation, and who have taken the authority of maps as conclusive evidence, has been the fact that the ever-famous Meles, by whose banks we have stated Homer is represented to have been born, is supposed to wash the foot of Mount Pagus, the hill overlooking the modern Smyrna. By turning to an atlas, the reader will probably find that the classic Meles is drawn as flowing into the Gulf on the southern side of the modern city; and because it flows under a lofty hill which crowns that city, and because the classic Meles flowed under a hill similarly dominant above the ancient city, therefore it has been hastily, and, as the writer believes, most erroneously supposed that Smyrna still stands where Smyrna did stand, and that the river behind and beneath Mount Pagus is, as the maps commonly represent, the Homeric Meles. The writer believes this is totally incorrect; and that the site of ancient Smyrna and the course of the Meles must be traced elsewhere.

By following the seaboard of the Gulf northward of the present Smyrna, the reader's eye will fall upon a little village, named Bournoubat. It is distant about two and a half miles (as the crow flies) from Smyrna, though following the tortuous coast, it would be about four miles. In point of distance, therefore, it answers to the measurement given by Strabo of twenty stadia intervening between new and ancient Smyrna. At this point there is a mountain stream, clear and pure, tumbling over rocks, and descending between steep hills, seeking to lose itself in the Ægean. The valley through which this stream winds widens as it nears the sea, and opening into a plateau, sweeps with ever-inclining and more graduated slopes towards the ocean. Some two miles up this valley, and crowning the crest of a hill towards the east, are found remains of some very ancient walls, and of an Acropolis. The architecture, which still survives the lapse of centuries so many that even the name of this place is lost to history, is Cyclopean in its character. The blocks of stone in the walls, or forming part of the gateway, are found to be eight and ten feet long, and evidently belong to fortifications erected at some period of most remote antiquity, when the people who settled at this spot felt that it was necessary for the sake of security to fix themselves on a lofty eminence commanding the surrounding neighbourhood, and one which could be strongly fortified, so as to resist invasion. Can

this, then, be the site of mythic Smyrna? Are these traces of the city of the Amazon "Smyrna?"

It has already been mentioned that "Smyrna" is not the only person who is reported to have founded the city of that name. Tantalus also lays claim to the dignified appellation "Pundator." It is worthy of observation that there is a series of tumuli and of tombs at the neighbouring village of Bournoubat, which have been objects of curious examination to various European travellers, and especially to M. Texier, the French traveller. The walls that surrounded these tombs (now for the most part in ruins) have, like the structures on the hill, been Cyclopean in structure; and it is remarkable that among them the tradition of the country recognises the tomb of Tantalus. Farther up the valley again, we arrive at the Lake of Tantalus. With Mount Sipylus (which is but a short distance inland) we also find the story of the transformation of Niobe, the daughter of Tantalus, associated. The phantom of Niobe is supposed to appear upon the mountain, the superstition having arisen from the singular effects of passing light and shade upon the mountain. These local traditions, associating this valley and so many localities about it with the stories of Tantalus—one of the reported founders of ancient Smyrna—serve to strengthen the supposition that we have upon the hill-top above Bournoubat, among the Cyclopean ruins which crown its summit, actual traces of the very city founded by the Ephesian colonists, and rendered famous by being the supposed birthplace of Homer. The stream running beneath will perfectly answer to the Meles of classic story, upon whose banks the Father of Poetry is reputed to have been born, hence receiving the name "Melesigenes:"—

"Blind Melesigenes thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own."

The reader, though unprepared for this description of a Smyrna totally disconnected with the place concerning which the present article is chiefly concerned, will, it is to be hoped, receive with satisfaction this information concerning the city of the Amazon, which is so closely connected with the name and fame of Homer that even Cicero wrote of it, "Homeri Smyrneni suum esse confirmant; itaque etiam delubrum ejus in oppido dedicaverunt."

With the destruction of the mythic Smyrna, by Alyattes, king of Lydia, the name of the city vanishes from historic record for four hundred years.

The Smyrnæans subsisted during that period among the villages in the surrounding country. At length it happened that Alexander the Great, after hunting in the neighbourhood of Mount Pagus (the hill which overhangs the modern Smyrna), fell asleep beneath a plane-tree, that overshadowed a fountain near a temple of the Nemesis. Alexander had a vision, and dreamt a dream. The goddesses appeared to him, and bade him found a city for the dispersed Smyrnæans. The work was not executed by Alexander, but by his generals, Antigonus and Lysimachus; and the oracle declared that the inhabitants of Smyrna should be a prosperous people. The oracle, with a rectitude of prophetic vision which has not always attended oracular declarations, proved correct. Smyrna did become prosperous, and has continued to prosper, despite the innumerable calamities which it has undergone, more especially since the Christian era.

It will be understood that the city of which we have now to speak, the second, or historic Smyrna, is removed two and a half miles southward on the margin of the Gulf, from the Cyclopean remains of which we have before been speaking.

When this second city had been built, Strabo wrote of it:—"It is the finest city of Asia: part of it is built on a hill; but the finest edifices are on the plains, not far from the sea, over against the temple of Cybele. The streets are the most beautiful that can be, straight, wide, and paved with freestone. It has many stately buildings, magnificent porticoes, majestic temples, including an Homerium (or a temple in honour of Homer), a public library, and a convenient harbour, which may be shut at pleasure."

Of that harbour there are still traces in the

dried-up basin, running towards the foot of the castle hill, through which, in the rainy season, a mountain-rill pursues its way, skirting a Turkish cemetery on the northern suburb of the present town.

Of the historic Smyrna but few remains are now to be discovered. The few that have outlived the destructive attacks of barbarians are extremely interesting. Among these are the Stadium and the ancient Theatre, on the slope of Mount Pagus, overlooking the present Turkish quarter, which is located in the upper or higher portion of the town—the Armenian quarter being in the centre, and the Frankish or European along the shore. The proscenium of this theatre has utterly perished. What has been done with its materials there is no difficulty in determining; for the Turkish residences in the vicinity show how this noble theatre has been despoiled—how its marble columns and rich ornaments have been used up to construct the walls of mean and dirty hovels.

Upon the hill-top, and traceable in one or two other places, are remnants of walls, which may be Hellenic, being built without cement. A very massive line of wall, belonging undoubtedly to the classic ages, descends from the castle towards the west, which may very probably trace for us the ancient city boundary, from the seaboard up to the Acropolis. There are also considerable remains behind Mount Pagus of a wall, which Chandler in his travels calls the *Pomoerium*. This wall runs along the summit of a ridge south of Mount Pagus, and crosses the roads to a village called Budjah. The facings of the wall itself have perished, and only masses of cement and rubble remain, as is frequently the case with the ruins of ancient walls among the cities of Asia Minor. Because this wall is carried over the ravine behind Mount Pagus upon arches, it is commonly called at Smyrna, the "Roman Aqueduct." It is impossible now to determine what was the object of the wall. There are no traces of its ever having been an aqueduct; and if it was intended for purposes of defence, it is a puzzle to conceive why part of it should have been built on open arches. Allusion has been made to the castle that crowns the summit of Mount Pagus, and with which the walls spoken of connect themselves. This castle, though of considerable extent, is a structure belonging to the middle ages. It is such a heap of ruin and confusion, that it is perhaps difficult to determine whether any portion of it was erected by the generals of Alexander. Remains observed in it have tempted the traveller to give this castle a higher esteem than it really deserves. Chandler spoke of the colossal head of Apollo, which some supposed to represent the Amazon Smyrna, lying near what was once a fountain within the western gate. As it is now almost a hundred years since Chandler set out on behalf of the Society of Dilettanti to visit the East, many alterations must necessarily have taken place in that period.

That the castle, whose ruins now crown the hill-top of Pagus, marks the place where the Greek kings erected their fortress, there can be no doubt. That the Acropolis stood on this spot is certain. But it is, after all, a matter of speculation, and of great doubt, whether among the existing ruins we can distinguish any remains of the Greek architecture. Some travellers have thought that in the basement of the towers on the southwest, built of red trachyte (which has the appearance of porphyry), they have discovered remains of the Alexandrine period. The ruins generally belong to the Byzantine period.

A marble gateway, with Byzantine inscription upon it, is pronounced by Pocock and others to have been brought from some other site, and to have been inserted at the spot where it remains still exist. The inscription has long since perished; but it is preserved in Chandler's work, from which we learn that the restoration of the ancient castle was effected by the Emperor John Comnenus.

It appears idle to the writer of this article (who on visiting Smyrna carefully examined the ruins in question) for travellers to visit them expecting to trace in them remains of the Alexandrine ages, and to detect any architectural features of the structure which dominated the city when the Apostle wrote the Apocalypse, and the ever

famous Polycarp yielded up his life in fidelity to the Christian faith he professed. In the Stadium and the Theatre we most certainly recognise traces of the buildings which stood in the days of Polycarp; but both Stadium and Theatre have been so thoroughly spoliated, that we can do little more than recognise them.

The Stadium extends (it would be more correct to say extended) from east to west, a little below the ruins of the castle. The tiers of seats were of marble; but they have been carried away to be built into the walls of modern houses. Happily the declivity upon which the Stadium was erected has been the means of preserving it from absolute annihilation. The whole of the left-hand side of the structure had to be erected upon the spur of the hill, which, on the right hand, had been dug out to complete the circular form. These massive foundations still exist, and exhibit semi-circular niches and masonic work, evidently of the Roman period.

It was in this Stadium, as tradition says, that Polycarp was martyred. There is no reason to doubt the truth of the assertion, as it was in the amphitheatres that the early Christian martyrs were commonly put to death. These cellular foundations, therefore, have a claim upon the deepest interest of the Christian, if it was within their walls that one of the most shining lights of primitive Christianity gave up his life in proof of his fidelity to his Lord and Master. To this subject we shall return presently.

The third town, or modern town, of which we have now to speak is (as the above facts will have shown), historically modern. It is a city which has grown out of ruin and devastation, slaughter, fire, earthquake, and famine. The life-principle must be very strong in any place that could survive the series of calamities which, from the second century to the fifteenth, century after century, overwhelmed this place. Men, however, live for a day, while Nature smiles at their wars and their havoc, and lives on through the long centuries, re-invigorating and renewing herself, when they are gone for ever. Smyrna is one of those places which can never perish. Fire, sword, and earthquake are unequal to the task of accomplishing her extinction; for Nature has located her so graciously, adorned her so beautifully, and clothed her so luxuriantly, that however many cities, marking her site, might be destroyed, a Smyrna must always exist. Situated as she is, Nature has invested her for ever "the Crown of Ionia, the ornament of Asia."

Looking towards the Aegean, Smyrna seems land-locked. Her gulf, surrounded with mountains and studded with islands, is divided from the sea, opposite the town, by the promontory of Melana, now called Cape Karabournu, behind which is the classic island of Chios. Steering round the coast of Chios and the point of Melana, the Gulf of Smyrna opens south of the Isle of Mytilene in a boot-like shape, at the toe of which stands Smyrna itself, rising amphitheatrically from the water's edge, crowned with the summits of Pagus, and the ruins of the castle founded by Alexander's generals, restored by John Comnenus, and last famous as a stronghold of the Knights of St. John. The Greeks, always noted for choosing admirable sites for their cities, showed their judgment and taste when they constructed Smyrna. It has everything to recommend it in beauty of situation, in strength of position, and in attraction as a commercial port. The same natural features which recommended it thousands of years ago, recommend it still. It may be called the Genoa of the East.

When our vessel nears the town, we observe the busy port to be stretched along the water's edge; while on the rising ground and terraces above, the quiet residences of families, or the cypress groves which mark the burial-grounds, carry the eye up to the solitary crest of the hill, and the dark walls which frown upon the triangular plain beneath.

The first impression upon the writer's mind on seeing Smyrna was, that some Swiss village had removed for change of air to the sea-side. The impression was caused by the mass of houses in the town being built of wood, bearing, at a distance, very much the appearance of Swiss cottages. The reason why the inhabitants of the last three centuries have built with wood is on ac-

count of the prevalence of earthquakes. They have philosophised upon the destructiveness of earthquakes, and adopted the plan of building with materials which, if they can be easily knocked down, can also be easily, and with comparative cheapness, built up again. This custom, as the reader may be aware, is very common in Asia Minor; but its wisdom is very doubtful, because of the frequency of fires. It is unnecessary to say that all the picturesque appearance of Smyrna vanishes as soon as the traveller enters its streets or bazaars. It is the same with all Turkish towns—narrow streets, prevailing filth, open gutters in the centre, foul and pestilent, and the sunlight as much as possible shut out above. In Smyrna there is no modern structure, or monument, or work of Art, to attract the traveller. In the buildings and warehouses along the quay, and the flags flying over the consular offices, the European detects at a glance the Frankish quarter. In this part of the town the houses are in a great measure stone structures, and have much more of a European character than elsewhere. In the interior the chief buildings are the Bezestein, or market-place; the Long Bazaar, which traverses the town, and contains in its dirty course many shops well stocked with European goods. The Vizier-Khan is said to have been built from materials taken out of the ancient theatre. In the mosques, or churches, there is nothing whatever that is attractive, though it is a significant fact, as showing the progress of French influence in Asia Minor, that there is a Catholic cathedral being erected at the present moment in Smyrna, under the support of the French government.

One institution in the town well worthy of the traveller's notice is the hospital in the Frank quarter, supported by the resident Christian population. This hospital is regarded in Asia as a school of medicine, and has been productive of the greatest blessings to Europeans engaged in trading with Smyrna. It may be remembered that during the Crimean war a large military hospital was established at Smyrna. This stood outside the town, upon the sea-shore.

In passing along the bazaars of Smyrna, the life and animation, and the strings of camels coming in from the country, tell their own tale as to the commercial importance of the place—the chief seaboard city of Asia Minor. During the busy part of the day a greater variety of tongues may be heard in its streets than in any other Eastern town, except Alexandria. Smyrna exports silk and cotton; but the writer particularly observed that the camels were most frequently laden with raisins, figs, fruit, and drugs. Of these articles there is an enormous export trade. A very large Jewish community is settled at Smyrna, carrying on a commission trade, chiefly between the European merchants and the native traders. The present population of Smyrna may be reckoned about 160,000 persons.

To the Christian, Smyrna must ever be regarded with peculiar interest, as one of the Seven Apocalyptic Churches. "And unto the angel in the church of Smyrna write." This church, which has completely experienced all the "tribulation and poverty" spoken of by St. John, has literally seemed not to "fear any of these things which she has suffered." Smyrna has always preserved and upheld the Christian faith. It contains five Greek churches, two, Catholic, and two Protestant; in addition to which, the Catholics are now engaged in building the cathedral before alluded to. "But thou art rich," says St. John. The words are literally true, when Smyrna is compared with the other places to which he addressed himself. In the history of Christianity in Smyrna, there is one name that stands out prominently on the page, towards which the reader always turns with reverential admiration. It is the name of Polycarp. In the opinion of many Biblical scholars (see Dean Trench's "Commentary on the Epistle to the Seven Churches"), it seems probable that the "angel" whom St. John addressed was Polycarp himself, who died in extreme old age, A.D. 168. When we consider how glorious a martyr Polycarp was, we may well argue and try to convince ourselves that about the year 96, when the Apocalypse was probably written, he was bishop of the church in Smyrna. "Eighty

and six years have I served Him"—Christ—says Polycarp in his examination before the proconsul, which proves him to have been a Christian fourteen years previous to St. John writing his Epistle; and as, at the time of his conversion and baptism, he would be an adult, it is perfectly possible that before the Epistle was written, Polycarp may have been called upon to preside over the church at Smyrna.

Upon the Smyranean Epistle, which details to us the circumstances of the death of Polycarp, it is not the object of the present article to descend. The epistle has always been received with respect, and is believed to give an accurate account of the trial and death of the venerable bishop. In the reign of Marcus Aurelius, A.D. 167, he became a martyr to the truth he had preached and professed. We have only space to quote one passage from the Smyranean Epistle, which describes the trial scene of the martyr:—"The proconsul asked him if he was Polycarp, to which he assented. The former then began to exhort him, 'Have pity on thy own great age. Swear by the fortune of Cæsar; repent; say, Take away the Atheists.' Polycarp, with a grave aspect beholding all the multitude, waving his hand to them, and looking up to heaven, said, 'Take away the Atheists.' The proconsul urging him, and saying, 'Swear, and I will release thee; reproach Christ.' Polycarp said, 'Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He hath never wronged me, and how can I blaspheme my King who hath saved me?' The proconsul still urging, 'Swear by the fortune of Cæsar.' Polycarp said, 'If you still vainly contend to make me swear by the fortune of Cæsar, as you speak affecting an ignorance of my real character, hear me frankly declaring what I am: I am a Christian.'" Polycarp was condemned to death, and burnt in the Stadium before described, as tradition says, and says correctly, in the writer's humble opinion. He died proclaiming the words, "I bless Thee, I glorify Thee, by the Eternal High Priest, Jesus Christ, thy well-beloved Son. Amen." And when he had pronounced "Amen" aloud, the officers lighted the fire.

The whole of this epistle is well worth the reader's study. Gregory of Tours tells us it was considered so edifying to Christians, that up to his time it used to be commonly read in the Gallican churches. Archbishop Usher republished the narrative as given in Eusebius; and the epistle itself was translated by Archbishop Wake, and published in his "Epistles of the Apostolic Fathers," in which work, and also in Milner's "Church History," the reader will find it.

The martyrdom of Polycarp made the church of Smyrna famous. The sweet odour of his piety still lingers about the place, still makes Smyrna a household word in the history of Christianity; and the Christian traveller entering the Gulf, looking upon the town climbing up the hill-side at the foot of the Gulf, and tracing the spot where the castle stood upon Mount Pagus, in which Polycarp was tried, or that Stadium in which he died, takes courage from so bright an example; and, ruminating over the splendour and greatness which have marked the history of the city, remembers with proud satisfaction that Smyrna's greatest fame is derived from a faithful Christian's death.

J. C. M. BELLEV.

SCULPTURE BY LIVING ARTISTS, EXHIBITED IN THE GARDENS OF THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

We gladly welcome the advent of this pleasing exhibition of British sculpture. Every one knows that in "the cellar" of the Royal Academy our sculptors have been cribbed and cabined, and that thus a noble branch of our national Art has suffered prejudice in public estimation. But here in the conservatory, the arcades, and the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, the genius of our workers in marble may find room enough

and to spare. The general effect of the collective display is charming. These gardens, which, during the last season, were rather bare and bald, save under the attraction of a flower-show, are now set off, and, as it were, peopled by the sculptor's choicest creations. It is, perhaps, the first time in this country that the noblest works in plastic art have been brought in direct contact with nature, or rather, more correctly speaking, the first occasion on which the art of statuary, in its highest form, has been called in as the ally to the sister art of landscape gardening. We all know that the figures set up in terraces and promenades are, for the most part, so rude, and even not unfrequently in such bad taste, as to be wholly unworthy of public attention. On the Continent, however, especially in some of the chief Art capitals, examples are not wanting expressly to the contrary.

The space here at command being all but unlimited, works already exhibited elsewhere have been included in the collection, which thus becomes all the more complete a representation of the English school of sculpture. Forty of our artists and upwards have aided the undertaking by the contribution of their works; and these statues and busts, some in marble and others in plaster, about one hundred and fifty in number, are effectively arranged in the garden, the conservatory, and the adjoining arcades. As many, however, of these productions are already known to the public, we shall not do more than indicate a few salient points in the exhibition. In the front of the conservatory, one of the chief novelties is the model of a noble statue by J. H. FOLEY, R.A., about to be erected in Bombay. The Indian costume, especially the head-gear, eccentric and somewhat unmanageable, has been by Mr. Foley treated with telling effect. The hands especially we marked for an expression, gained not by attitude merely, but through studied detail, which is made to indicate a refined sensibility. We may also mention among the principal garden groups, 'The colossal statue in bronze of her Majesty the Queen,' by JOSEPH DURHAM, originally designed for the memorial of the first International Exhibition. The figure of the Prince Consort, modelled by the same artist, now crowns that monument. The lawn in front of the conservatory has been adorned by two compositions, which aspire to a high range of Art, 'Satan tempting Eve,' taken from "Paradise Lost," by EDWARD B. STEPHENS, and 'The Expulsion,' rendered by W. CALDER MARSHALL, R.A.

The conservatory is made the focus of attraction, and, indeed, the effect here gained—statues, the poetic conceptions of our most gifted sculptors, ranged beneath the pretty terra-cotta arches, or distributed among the shrubs and flowers—must be admitted to be most pleasing. One of Mr. FOLEY's earliest figures, graceful in gentle flow of symmetric line, 'A Youth at a Stream' (23), has fitly obtained a central position. 'The Day Dream,' by P. MACDOWELL, R.A., is a figure suggested by the lines—

"A sudden thought, all sweetness in its depth,
Entranced her as she stood, with poised foot,
And downward eyes; a dream of past and future,
With music in it from afar, now low
And pensive, now with songs and symbols gay!"

Such is the poet's dream, which the sculptor has cast into a pleasing and pensive form of virgin innocence. 'Ophelia,' by W. CALDER MARSHALL, R.A., less tranquil and passive—though Ophelia too had her "day dreams"—is a figure of passionate agony; yet, by due restraint and moderation in treatment, the work has been kept within the limits imposed by the severity of marble. 'The Young Naturalist,' a well-known

statue, by H. WEEKS, R.A., had novelty of subject; and the action of the wind upon the hair and the garments, blown vehemently, never fails to rivet attention.—'The Startled Nymph,' by E. G. PAPWORTH, Jun., is graceful in composition of flowing line.—'The Boy Playing at Nux,' by J. ADAMS, like many of its neighbours, comes here with a reputation already won in the International Exhibition. It is a carefully studied work, sustaining an accordant action in every limb and muscle—an agreement among the members of the human frame not easy to arrive at, as may be seen by the analysis of Mr. Stephens's Apollo.—'The Peri,' by J. S. WESTMACOTT, taken that morn, we presume, when Tom Moore caught her standing at the gate of Eden, is a pretty figure. Wings, especially when the feathers are nicely wrought, always please the general public.—'Cupid captured by Venus,' by GIOVANNI FONTANA, has likewise attracted attention; the net in which the mischievous fellow is ensnared, being woven as with cunning hand.—'A Statue,' by THOMAS THORNYCROFT, may be mentioned for the symmetric disposition of its classic drapery. 'Purity,' by MATTHEW NOBLE, is marked by refinement; and 'The Young Emigrant,' by E. G. PAPWORTH, Sen.; also 'The Orphan Flower Girl,' by J. D. CRITTENDEN, are worthy of note as favourable examples of a picturesque style.

In the two arcades may be seen a few ideal figures; the space, however, is chiefly occupied by busts and portrait statues. Among the more imaginative class, was conspicuous, on the day of private view, a noble, but somewhat melodramatic personification of 'Ireland,' by Baron MARCCHETTI, designed with great knowledge of effect, but as yet left sketchy in the want of finished detail. Of works of fancy we may once more eulogise the graceful bas-relief, 'Titania Asleep,' by F. M. MILLER; and expressly worthy of reiterated praise are the two figures by LAWLOR, 'Titania' and 'The Bather.' In the last of these, mark the timid shrinking at the approach to the water—the delicate sensitive form seems to tremble in every nerve.—FARRELL's 'Nymph and Cupid' may be noted for its lively animation, especially in the child.—'The Muse of Painting,' by J. H. FOLEY, R.A., has much classic symmetry and chastened beauty. The work incites the more interest as forming part of the intended memorial of James Ward, R.A., the Paul Potter of our English school, as may be seen by his master-work recently purchased by the nation, and now hung in the galleries of South Kensington.—Coming to portrait works, the model of the statue of 'Sir Frank Crossley,' Bart., M.P., executed by J. DURHAM, and erected in the people's park, Halifax, Yorkshire, is a figure of much life and character.—The bust of 'Mr. George Virtue' has been carefully modelled by J. EDWARDS, and is simple and pleasing as a work of Art.—'Mr. Vincent George Dowling' is a bust of pronounced character, which the artist, T. BUTLER, has emphasised in the masses and dominant lines with master hand.

In conclusion, we would express the hope that this, the first Exhibition of Sculpture at the Royal Horticultural Gardens, may, in many coming years, find prosperous sequel. The art of sculpture appealing to cultured taste and acquired learning, has hitherto in this country been the too exclusive enjoyment of wealthy connoisseurs. We trust that this more public display of the master-works of our chief artists will aid towards the wider diffusion of a knowledge which, though not easily attained, was yet in Greece and mediæval Italy possessed by the whole people.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM MARSHALL, ESQ.,
FARNBORO' LODGE, KENT.

THE FIRST DAY OF OYSTERS.

R. Smith, Painter. G. Gressbach, Engraver.

Carricks of a certain kind and some self-styled connoisseurs would be apt to denounce this picture as an example of low Art; an error attributable to a confusion of ideas in the mind. Art is high or low, not so much according to subject as to the manner in which this is represented; for, as Hazlitt has said, "the principle is the same whether the artist paints an angel's or a butterfly's wings." There are, indeed, differences of classes, one subject may be entitled to a higher rank than another in that class, but the inferior does not necessarily bring it within the category of low Art. Take, for example, the portraits of two persons, one of aristocratic, the other of plebeian birth, and both painted with equal power and truth; would any one presume to call the latter low Art, simply because the original belonged to the poor of the land? The assertion would be an absurdity requiring no argument to refute.

In this charming little picture the artist seems to have entered the lists with Wilkie, Webster, and some of the old Dutch painters, whose vegetable, fruit, and fish stalls are marvellous imitations of nature. Wilkie first led the way here in works of this kind, Webster followed closely in his wake, and Smith, with two or three others, though limiting their canvases to what is usually called "cabinet size," are treading closely in the footsteps of their predecessors.

The first day of oysters is one of some importance in this country, and is anticipated by thousands, who look forward to the "season" as a profitable time: it commences on St. James's Day, the 25th of July, an Act of Parliament prohibiting their sale till then. Among large numbers of the poor a superstition prevails that whoever eats oysters on that day will never be without money through the year. Mr. Smith's oyster-stall is set in a pleasant country village: a heap of lobsters divides with the "natives" a place on the board. The owner of the stall is busily engaged in supplying the demand of a man who is evidently a lover of the delicate bivalve; the expression of his face shows his enjoyment of the feast. Not so that of the young girl, a tidy maid-servant, waiting her turn to be served, and eyeing the gourmand patiently, but apparently with a hope that his refreshment would soon terminate. Between these two a young boy stands, but he seems to be only a looker-on, absorbed in the doings of the hungry wayfarer. The arrangement of this group is excellent; each figure tells its own tale, and has its own individuality.

In the background some lads are erecting the inevitable accompaniment of the early oyster-season, a grotto; and, beyond, one of the juvenile fraternity accosts the venerable minister of the parish with, "Please, sir, remember the grotto," a solicitation which the kind-hearted man answers in the affirmative by putting his hand in his pocket.

This picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1852, is everywhere worked out with the most conscientious attention to detail, a characteristic of all this artist's works: the finish throughout—even to the old-fashioned willow-pattern plate, which, ugly as it is, seems as if it would never find a place among the antiquated and obsolete caricatures of ceramic Art—is minute and elaborate; yet there is no sacrifice of other qualities of excellence to this, nor any pretensions of manipulation to produce so desirable a result; no appearance of labour, though much must have been expended on it. The general effect of the picture is broad and striking, produced by a forcible management of light and shade, and by a judicious introduction of brilliant, yet not extravagant colours; these are so well balanced as to preserve harmony and repose throughout the whole composition.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—The West of Scotland Academy of Fine Arts has made a presentation of silver plate to Mr. J. A. Hutchinson, in acknowledgment of his services as secretary to the society for a period of twenty-two years. Mr. Hutchinson is also master of the drawing department of the High School.

CHELSEHAM.—The annual examination of the pupils of the Cheltenham School of Art was lately held, when nineteen medals were awarded by the inspector, who selected from the drawings thus certificated seven to be sent to South Kensington for the national competition.

CIRENCESTER.—Twenty-seven drawings by the students in this School of Art were considered by the examiner worthy of reward at the recent annual investigation; of these, eleven were chosen for the national competition.

LIVERPOOL.—At a meeting of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts, held on the 23rd of April, it was resolved that a committee be appointed to consider and adopt measures for the amalgamation of this institution with the Liverpool Academy. This is good news for Art: we are sure it will greatly benefit Liverpool; and that ere long we shall see in that great and prosperous city a building worthy of it, in which pictures may be properly exhibited, and Art rightly supported and represented. It is, we believe, intended to erect such an edifice, as soon as funds can be provided for the purpose.

REIGATE.—At a meeting of the inhabitants of Reigate, held at the Town Hall, on the 24th of April, a cordial vote of thanks was offered to those gentlemen who had liberally contributed works of Art and other valuable objects to the recent exhibition; and also to the committee who had arranged and superintended it during the opening. The exhibition was a success in every way, and it is evident by this meeting that the good folk of the town fully appreciate the efforts made for their instruction and enjoyment.

WARRINGTON.—Mr. Thomson, head-master of the School of Art, has been presented by his pupils with a valuable drawing-room clock, in testimony of their appreciation of his services. The present was a marriage gift.

WORCESTER.—Mr. W. H. Kerr, of the firm of Kerr and Binn, proprietors of the Worcester Royal Porcelain Works, recently received a most gratifying proof of the respect and esteem in which those employed in the establishment regard him. A committee of the workmen waited on him at his residence, Elm Villa, near the city, to present him with a splendid china vase, and with an address. The latter contained the following expression of the donors' feelings:—"The remembrance of your kind and generous conduct in all cases of necessity, of your attention to the comfort and conveniences of your workpeople, and of the several occasions in which, at a very considerable outlay, you have sought to give pleasurable recreation and enjoyment, will ever remain in our minds connected with the manly, frank, and forbearing spirit which has characterised you in your position as our employer." The vase is a splendid specimen of ceramic Art. On a ground of fine mazzarine, or cobalt blue, for which colour Worcester has always been famous, are painted various subjects in the style of the Limoges enamels; the principal picture is a design from Homer's hymn, known as "The Furnace," and represents the Greek poet singing to the potters of Samos, who, in return, present him with examples of their vases. The reverse side has an enamel ornamental scroll with a figure centre. On the neck of the vase are suspended on each side portraits, painted in enamel, of Mr. and Mrs. Kerr. It is elegantly mounted in silver, and is ornamented in various ways with silver; and on a plate of the same metal, inscribed in the ebony pedestal on which it stands, is the following inscription:—"Presented to W. H. Kerr, Esq., by the workpeople of the Royal Porcelain Works, Worcester, as a token of their affectionate remembrance and regard." Mr. Kerr, it is understood, has retired from the firm; he carries with him into private life the regard of "troops of friends."

MANCHESTER.—The exhibition of the Royal Manchester Institution will open as early as practicable after the closing of the Royal Academy: pictures intended for exhibition must be sent in before the 17th of August. The council offers a prize of fifty guineas to the artist of the best picture exhibited, provided it has been painted within three years; reserving, however, the power of withholding the prize should there be no work of sufficient merit in the collection.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE PRINCE CONSORT MEMORIAL.—The committee for carrying out this object having reported to the Queen on the best means of giving effect to her Majesty's wishes with respect to it, as we stated in our last number, her Majesty has expressed, through Lieut.-General Grey, her thanks to the Committee for "the valuable assistance which they have rendered and the advice which they have submitted." The Queen very fully participates in the regret expressed by the Committee that it has been found necessary to abandon for the present the idea of the Central Hall, which, combined with a personal memorial, would have appeared to unite the tribute of national gratitude with the objects in which the great and good Prince took the strongest interest, and would also have for ever associated with the memorial the recollections of the Exhibition of 1851. This regret is, however, modified by the expectation that whenever the Commissioners of 1851 may be in a position to appropriate the vacant space north of the conservatory in the Royal Horticultural Gardens to the purposes for which the estate was purchased, a hall may still form part of the buildings to be erected there. The personal memorial to the Prince was always the first object, and the Queen never contemplated the combination of the Central Hall until that was adequately provided for. Under these circumstances the Queen is happy to see that the Committee have recommended for selection the design of Mr. Scott, to which her Majesty had already given the preference among the many beautiful designs submitted for her judgment. The drawings sent in by the seven architects who were invited to compete for this work have been exhibited at the Palace of Westminster. A careful examination of the whole series of designs, most of which are highly elaborate, satisfies us that the selection of Mr. Gilbert Scott's is the most judicious which, under all circumstances, could have been made. We gave, in our last number, a description of that portion which may be called monumental; and which will, it is expected, be proceeded with at no distant date. Whether the more costly and most sumptuous project of erecting a vast Hall of Science and Art will ever be carried into execution, it will be impossible to say; if it should be, then we shall hope to see Mr. Scott's plans adopted. Next in interest—and in merit, according to our judgment—are the designs of Mr. E. Barry. Mr. Digby Wyatt's Italian designs are good; but those in the mediæval style appear, in the drawings, too crowded with detail to allow of our forming an opinion as to what the buildings would be when erected. We may probably notice these works at greater length hereafter.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The sixth report of the trustees of this institution to the Lords of her Majesty's Treasury has recently been published, by order of the House of Commons. It gives a summary of the proceedings between April, 1862, and March, 1863, from which we learn that, during this period, the following additions have been made to the collection:—A bronze bust of John Kemble, modelled by J. Gibson, R.A., was presented by the sculptor; a portrait of Richard III., painted on panel, and a duplicate of that in Windsor Castle, was the gift of Mr. Gibson Craig, Edinburgh. To the portfolio of original drawings have been added a portrait—an unfinished sketch by Lawrence—of the Countess of Mornington, mother of the Duke of Wellington, presented by Mr. H. Farrer; a portrait, drawn in lead pencil by Jackson, of Joseph Strutt, "antiquary and engraver," and a "silver medallion of the Seven Bishops of 1688," presented, in illustration of the picture now in the gallery, by Mr. Ashton Bostock. The purchases were: Portraits of R. Waller, by Riley, 25 gs.; of Archdeacon Paley, by Beechey, 25 gs.; John Hampden, a bust in terra-cotta by an unknown artist, £60; Northcote, the artist, painted by himself, 10 gs.; Lord Amherst, sketched by Gainborough, £60; Duke of Monmouth, by Wissing, 80 gs.; Sir William Temple, by Lely, 80 gs.; Charles II., by Mrs. Beale, a pupil of Lely, 30 gs.; Monck, Duke of Albemarle, painter unknown, £40; Bishop Horsley, a miniature by

Lethbridge, 15 gs.; Dr. Wolcott (Peter Pindar), another miniature by Lethbridge, 15 gs.; Henry VIII., a small painting on copper by an unknown artist, 80 gs.; Bishop Burnet, by Riley, 30 gs.; Earl of Chesterfield, painted by W. Hoare, father of the celebrated *Prince Hoare*, 60 gs.; P. Richardson, the novelist, by Highmore, 20 gs.; Sir Richard Steele, by Richardson, who, as well as Highmore, was contemporary with Sir Godfrey Kneller, £31. The report alludes to the difficulties the trustees have to contend with, "from a growing collection in a most confined space," to remedy which "no practical step has yet been taken."

Mr. THOMAS has been honoured with sittings by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales for the painting of 'The Marriage,' to be reproduced in chromo-lithography by Messrs. Day. It cannot fail to be a most interesting and attractive picture, and will have the great advantage of being issued early.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES is sitting for a bust to Mr. Marshall Wood; it will "companion" that of the Prince, which obtained "golden opinions" for the sculptor.

A MEDAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS.—A very charming medal, in aluminium, has been produced by Mr. H. Brown, containing agreeable and good likenesses of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. It has been struck at the Crystal Palace—at the "Medal Court." The tone of colour, the sharpness of the die, and the general character of the work, recommend it to the extensive patronage it is, no doubt, destined to receive.

THE MEMORIAL OF THE EXHIBITION, 1851.—On the 10th of June the group executed by Joseph Durham, sculptor, will be inaugurated at the Horticultural Gardens by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra, and other members of the royal family. A detailed programme will, no doubt, be printed in the daily newspapers. This work is the result of a subscription entered into soon after the close of the Exhibition, commenced by Mr. Alderman Challis, then Lord Mayor of London; it exceeds by a trifle £6,000, and that very small sum will be received by Mr. Durham as full and entire compensation for the best and costliest work of its class that has been produced in Great Britain. He will, however, have in addition the recompense every man of genius covets—honour—and we believe is content. But the public will assuredly desire to see that, at least, due consideration has been accorded to this mode of payment. The executive committee, who have laboured during seven or eight years to bring the project to a successful issue, presented the group to the Horticultural Society. It will be a grand feature in their garden, and the 10th of June will add a prodigious sum to their finances, the charge for admission to the public being large, and the attraction great.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.—The annual dinner in 1863 was a grand affair, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales being present, and speaking gracefully and to the purpose. The other chief speakers were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Prime Minister, with, of course, the President, who delivered a brief lecture on Architecture, affirming "he was far from agreeing with those who see nothing but defects in our own Metropolis, and nothing but perfection in those of the Continent." The point of the evening was the President's quotation from Pope, in reference to the guests of the Academy—

"Pleased to the last they crop the flowery food;"
prudently withholding the succeeding line—

"And lick the hand just raised to shed their blood,"

in compliment to the members of the Court of Enquiry, the majority of whom were present. The following very beautiful passage closed the speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury:—"May this institution never fall below the high level we see it has attained; may it rather soar above and beyond it; and under its fostering influence may Art ever employ itself in elevating the moral tone of the country, while it refines its taste, in purifying the character from base and sordid feelings, and prompting it to all that is good and generous and noble."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY "INQUIRY."—The mystery that always attends the proceedings of this body seems to have influenced the Committee of Inquiry. The public, as yet, know nothing of what it is about. There is, however, a murmur that the Royal Academy will have possession of the building in Trafalgar Square, and that Burlington House will be converted into a National Gallery. No doubt the gift to the Academy will be accompanied by sufficient "securities," and that long-needed reforms will re-model that institution—strengthening, and not weakening, its power for good. Several "witnesses" have been examined; but there are many yet to come. The evidence will be printed in due course.

THE "AUTHORITIES" AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.—Serious differences have arisen between the heads of the two departments—that which superintends the Schools, and that which directs the Museum. It is understood to have arisen out of an article in the *Quarterly Review*, attributed to Mr. Beresford-Hope, which led to an angry correspondence between Mr. Henry Cole and Mr. J. C. Robinson, resulting in a call upon the latter to retire from the active duties to which he has been accustomed, but to retain his salary—with infinitely less labour and expenditure of valuable time. Such we believe to be the simple fact as it stands at present; how it may be hereafter, it is hard to say. The truth is, that many thinking, influential, and considerate men, anxious for the promotion of Art and the honour of the country, desire to separate the two departments—the schools from the museum. They have no bond of union whatever; they are indeed quite as wide apart as Art and Science (located the one at South Kensington, the other in Jermyn Street); but by some peculiar tact the astute director of the Department has so wedded the one with the other, as to infer an impossibility to "put them asunder." Very opposite qualities are required for their direction. Mr. Henry Cole may have special powers from nature and "my Lords" for the government of the schools, and the universal complaint may be entirely groundless,—that the schools are utterly useless for any good purpose; that those in the provinces are rapidly falling to ruin under existing "management," while that at South Kensington does little more than supply students with casts,—but it will scarcely be assumed that the "gifts" of Mr. Cole in reference to the museum are at all equal to those of Mr. J. C. Robinson, whose knowledge, experience, and judgment—capable of easy proof—are beyond question. These qualifications may have given rise to "inconvenience." It is not pleasant for a colonel to know that the corporal he commands is a better soldier than himself; and a very general impression prevails that at South Kensington the best and surest recommendation to office is to know little and do little, or, at all events, to let the power to say and do much be never active, but always passive. If this affair be not "hush'd up," the public will hear a great deal on the subject, and perhaps a light that has long been hoped for and coveted will be thrown upon "the Department."

THE WEDDING GIFTS have been exhibited at South Kensington during the past month. They have excited much attention, and hundreds of thousands have seen them—or tried to see them. Those who passed the Brompton Road noticed, during every hour of the day, a crowd outside on the pavement, eager for entrance; for, by some ingenious arrangement, the public were admitted in "batches," twenty or thirty at a time—the street being their waiting-room. There was surely space enough within the building—in some part of it; it is large enough. There may have been a necessity for admitting but few at a time into that part of the "big" structure in which the presents were shown, but there could have been none for keeping visitors standing on the pavement, spite of wind and weather.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—We are much gratified to know that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales has most kindly given her patronage to this excellent institution, and has accompanied her consent with a handsome donation. The last exhibition of the drawings made by the students at the school in Queen Square was well attended, and the works, as a whole, justified the encomiums

passed upon them. At the examination the full number of medals, thirty, was awarded by the government inspector. The notice under the above heading in our last month's number did not refer to this institution, but to the female classes at South Kensington. We have been requested to alter the name of one of the medallists there enumerated. Miss A. Grose should be substituted for Miss K. Grose.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF 1862.—It appears that the report is ready; it will probably be issued before this Part of the *Art-Journal* is published. According to the *Times*, the generosity of the contractors will enable the Commissioners to show a small balance, and therefore the guarantors will not be called upon to pay anything. We long ago gave proof that such a "call" was utterly out of the question. The guarantors will thank neither the contractors nor the Commissioners; there are no thanks due to either.

THE 1862 BUILDING.—Some of the newspapers affirm that the Government has resolved on purchasing the building "for national use;" and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his place in the House of Commons, recently let fall some remarks which indicate that such an idea is entertained by the "powers that be." Mr. Gladstone intimated that in such case the building would be devoted to artistic and scientific purposes.

MR. G. LANCE—whose pictures of fruit, with their gorgeous accompaniments of gold and silver plate, have never been surpassed by any artist here or elsewhere—has recently been elected a member of the *Société d'Artistes* of Belgium, another example of the truth that "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country."

GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS OF ART.—By a recent minute of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education, it has been determined—"That after the 1st October, 1863, payments will cease to be made in respect of the certificates taken by masters of Schools of Art, but that a system of payment on results, tested by public examination, which has been partially carried on with great success for several years, shall wholly regulate the payments to Schools of Art, and that such payments shall be made only on behalf of artisans, children of the labouring poor, scholarships, persons in training as Art-teachers, or employed as designers for manufacturers." So far as we understand the bearing of this resolution, and from what may be gathered from the remarks accompanying it in the parliamentary paper, it will tend greatly to lower, pecuniarily, the position of the head masters of these schools, by shutting out from competition the pupils of the middle and upper classes, their main supports—students who often enter the schools because hitherto they have been eligible to receive medals and prizes, and in these have had a powerful stimulus to labour. Of one thing we are quite certain, from the communications, both personal and by letter, made to us by the heads of the government schools, that the time is not very far distant when the Department of Science and Art will find it no easy matter to find an able and competent master to undertake the onerous and ill-paid position of superintendent, with its ever-shifting range of duties imposed upon him by the Department, and the vexations to which he is exposed by arbitrary rule.

THE MANSION that has been built at South Kensington for the accommodation of Mr. Henry Cole and his friends of the Department is rapidly approaching a habitable state.

MR. JOHN MYERS, of 27, Old Bond Street, is exhibiting a very rare collection of pictures by foreign artists; among others, an exquisitely beautiful work by the Belgian artist Van Lerius, representing 'Joan of Arc at the Siege of Paris.' We can but refer to the exhibition this month, promising details in our next. There is shown with them the 'Carpenter's Shop,' by J. E. Millais.

PROFESSOR JERROLD, the eminent sculptor of Denmark, and President of the Royal Academy of Copenhagen, having been honoured with a public order for a marble group, to be presented as a bridal gift to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, has placed at Marlborough House a cast of the work, to be replaced, in due course, by the work in marble. It is a production of the highest order. It represents the "First Pair" in Paradise; Adam awaking beholds Eve at his side. We

may have an opportunity of describing this admirable work at greater length.

MR. SOLOUS' RESTORATION OF DA VINCI'S 'LAST SUPPER.'—But for the existence of Marco Oggione's copy of the 'Last Supper,' no attempt of this kind could have been made, since of the original fresco in the convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, at Milan, scarcely a trace is left. Morghen's engraving is untrue; therefore the only authorities on which Mr. Solous has been able to rely are Oggione's copy, and one or two heads of that series of twelve chalk drawings in the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and sold at Christie's, in 1830, with the rest of his drawings and pictures. The picture is in the German Gallery, in Bond Street, and all praise is due to the artist for the assiduity and laborious study with which he has worked out the expression of the apostles respectively. It is intended for publication by Messrs. Day as a chromo-lithograph.

THERE IS AT 191, PICCADILLY, a picture presumed to be by Raffaele, and the same that was in the collection of Charles I., and numbered 716 in the catalogue made in the reign of James II. A striking departure from the feeling of the great master is the head type given to the Virgin; the features are differently moulded from that type of divine beauty to which Raffaele alone attained in his Madonnas. The picture is a *Vierge à l'agneau*, and the head of Joseph is very much like that of a Joseph in a 'Flight into Egypt,' by Titian, among the Venetian pictures at Florence. The picture was brought from Milan, and over it was painted another picture.

A SMALL GALLERY OF PICTURES (principally by Mr. Larson, a Swedish painter, we believe) is now open at No. 7, in the Haymarket. They are, to the number of twenty subjects, in Sweden and Norway, presented under strong effects of sunset, moonlight, storms, and other striking natural phenomena. The most remarkable picture in the room is a 'Storm on the Coast of Bohuslan (Sweden),' wherein the wild character of the shore adds force to the menace of the sky and the rage of the sea. Other subjects, in which the proposed effects are very successfully rendered, are 'The Swedish Mail Steamer—Moonlight,' 'Midnight Sunset at the North Cape,' 'Storm on the West Coast of Sweden,' 'Burning Steamer at Sea, with Rocks, Moonlight,' &c. The few pictures which are now exhibited are intended as the commencement of a permanent exhibition, which will be much extended.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S 'TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS' has been submitted to the inspection of the Queen at Windsor. Her Majesty occupied considerable time in the examination, was graciously pleased to express approval of the design and execution of the picture, and to compliment the artist in warm terms.

'GARIBALDI IN HIS ISLAND HOME' is the title of a picture exhibited by Mr. McLean, in the Haymarket. It is extremely well painted by an Italian artist, and shows a somewhat long, plain, stuccoed building, of one story, entirely without ornament; such as, but for its associations, both traveller and painter would at once turn their backs on. The view shows the rear of the house, with enclosures and buildings like a farm-yard, and outhouses. The perfect baldness of the surface, the entire absence of trees and shrubs, is greatly felt—less, perhaps, by Garibaldi himself, who is a discreet utilitarian, than by his friends, who had imagined his Caprea a romantic home. In a group before the door we recognise Garibaldi, wounded and helpless, tended by friends; and in a near plot of garden ground, some of his *cacciatori*, in red shirts, but now busied in works of peace.

THE ARTISTS whose pictures were rejected by the council of the Royal Academy have collected them into an exhibition, which may be seen at Charles Street, Berkeley Square. It was opened too late in the month to receive comments in this journal. We can, therefore, at present form no opinion on the subject. It does appear strange, however, that the hangers at this exhibition have also rejected many of the pictures previously "rejected." We are not inclined to believe that the exhibition in question will lead to very severe censure of the Academy.

REVIEWS.

SHAKSPERE'S HOME AT NEW PLACE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON. By J. C. M. BELLER. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS, London.

A "great house" built in the reign of Henry VII., by Sir Hugh Clopton, a Warwickshire knight, differing in no essential point from ordinary mansions of its era, has won undying celebrity from its connection with William Shakspeare. To obtain and uphold this house—the best in his native town—was the great end and aim of the poet. Throughout his whole life his thoughts recurred to his native town, and by unwearied assiduity he succeeded in securing to himself a chief place and position there. Shakspeare was an eminently natural man; we know too little of his private life, but what little we do know, pictures him to our imagination as a prudent, conscientious man, possessing all that love of nature and of his fellow-men that appeals to us so forcibly in his works. He was evidently eminently sociable, with nothing exacting or vain in his composition; this has been in some degree a misfortune to the world, for he seems to have cared little how his immortal works were passed through the press, and in some cases denied them that privilege altogether, leaving to literary executors a task for which he seems to have had no desire.

We have said we know too little of the life of the poet, and yet here we have a bulky volume on one small incident of it—the possession of New Place. If the reverend author will pardon us for saying so, his book may be likened to a sermon on that text: and a very interesting discourse is made of it, calling up the old forgotten days of Stratford, and all the personal friends of the poet. We seem to live again with the Cloptons and Combes, the Hathaways and Nashes, the Botts and Underhills, and in some degree become able to realise the townsmen among whom the poet chose to pass his leisure, in preference to busy London. It is curious that so much may be gleaned about these obscure men as is here gathered, and the author, if he had chosen to be solemnly moral over his task, might have dwelt upon the enduring stain that dishonesty leaves; for here we have the rascalities of Bott, a grasping lawyer, as fully set forth after two hundred years of oblivion as if they had been committed but yesterday. This man robs his own son-in-law, after inducing him to marry his daughter; and, in reality, acts as badly as the stage-types of such characters appear in the drama of the Elizabethan era.

The author has bestowed no little care in the elimination of his materials; he is not a professed antiquary, and has come to his task without the peculiar knowledge it would give him; consequently old documents are obscure to him when they would not be so to them. But though this has led him into one notable error, it has, perhaps, enabled him to produce a more readable book than the *Drs. Dry-as-dust* would produce. At any rate, the author has a love for his subject, and never loses a chance of upholding his hero, William Shakspeare; and this is more than has been done by very many of the poet's biographers. Mr. Beller's book is in its nature essentially discursive and talkative, but is agreeable and unpretentious, like the life of the poet whose home it describes.

ON PIRACY OF ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT. By ERNEST GAMBART. Published by W. TEGG, London.

In this pamphlet Mr. Gambart shows forth the grievances, real or alleged, under which he and other publishers of engravings suffer from the piracy of their publications; and certainly he has just reason to complain of the vexation and cost entailed by endeavouring to protect his own property, or what he considers to be his own. Without adhering to his views that a small photographic print, for example, prejudices the sale of a fine and expensive engraving, most unquestionably the holder of copyright in the latter ought to have the sole power of reproducing it in any form he thinks best, and should have the power to stop any infringement of his rights. This, if we mistake not, the recent decision by the Lords Justices of the Court of Common Pleas enables him to do, and, so far, the chief grievance in Mr. Gambart's list of complaints no longer exists; but still the owner of copyright is compelled to maintain his title by a costly legal process, and often against a man of straw. This ought not to be.

Mr. Gambart writes angrily, but wrath is excusable, perhaps, in one who suffers heavily in pocket from the misdoings of others both here and abroad,—for foreigners as well as our own countrymen have aided and abetted the work of piracy. But there are people who think that the whole system of deal-

ing in prints and pictures is not quite so sound and wholesome as it ought to be; and that the "trade" may have had not a little to do in bringing about a state of things which they now feel pressing heavily upon them. It will be a blessed day, if it ever arrives, when a man can sit down and enjoy quietly the fruit of his own honest labours; and this will only be when every one acts upon the golden maxim of doing to others as he would have them do to him.

A YACHTING CRUISE IN THE BALTIC. By S. R. GRAVES, Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

Here is an exceedingly pleasant volume, containing some twelve or fourteen clever and appropriate illustrations, by "the Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club"—at least this is the only claim to distinction put forth by the late mayor of Liverpool, who is of course still an alderman of that enterprising and semi-maritime city. Certainly the idea of an alderman cruising in the Baltic—encountering all weathers, and proving himself a veritable "salt"—is sadly at variance with all our preconceived ideas of what an alderman was, and is, and is to be; but such are the rapidity of the "changes" which take place now-a-days, that Harlequin may break his wand in despair—he is distanced at every turn, and reality grows more rapidly than imagination.

Mr. Graves believed that information respecting the Baltic and its shores would prove of interest to his brother yachtmen, and this induced him to publish his impressions—"formed," he tells us, "during a cruise of ten weeks in the summer of 1862—of a sea so little frequented, although admirably suited for yachting." But Mr. Graves has not been content either to gather or to supply information concerning yachting only—he has availed himself of every opportunity to collect information relative to the trade of Denmark and Sweden, and gives his "impressions" also of several of the charitable institutions of Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Moscow; so that, in addition to his yachting experiences, our author lays a well-seasoned banquet before his readers—abundant, varied, and replete (according to the usual bill of fare) "with all the novelties of the season."

Denmark has become so closely and so happily allied to England, that every degree or shade of information connected with the land of the "sea-kings" is a new pleasure. We know that Denmark has highly distinguished the tomb of the great sculptor of the northern world, and Thorwaldsen's name is as honoured as that of the highest noble in the land. Mr. Graves says that the decorations which surround the tomb of Thorwaldsen, reminded him of the decorations of antique tombs.

We thank the late mayor of Liverpool very cordially for his pleasant book, and hope his next cruise will produce more such fruit. There are plenty of "seas" for the "Ierne" to traverse, under the care of her enterprising commodore.

BEETHOVEN. Drawn and Engraved by A. DE LEMUD. Published by GOUFFÉ & Co., London and Paris.

The German school of Art and its followers have sent forth numerous subjects of this class, and even some of our own painters, though not ranking with those, have occasionally imitated them: such subjects are a compound of the real and the ideal. It is well known to all who are acquainted with the history of Beethoven, that the deafness which afflicted him from infancy, and which increased with his years, gave a tone of sadness to his compositions and of something more than extreme gravity to his life. This is the key-note to M. De Lemud's picture; it represents the great musician having fallen asleep on the piano at which he has been trying over some of his writings,—the manuscripts and the ink-stand are on the instrument,—as if weary with the attempts to produce a realisation of his own conceptions. Serving as a background is a whole army of shadowy figures, the most conspicuous being the leader of an orchestra, *idiot* in hand, energetically conducting a numerous band. Between these and the sleeping composer is another host of figures, all varied in action and attitude, but all in some way or other manifesting the effect produced on them by the strains which reach their ears. The drawing, arrangement, and expression of these figures are extremely good, and the poetical feeling which pervades the entire composition cannot well be mistaken. As the work of one unpractised in the art of engraving, the print is most creditable; it can scarcely fail to be popular in a country where Beethoven is as highly appreciated as in his own.

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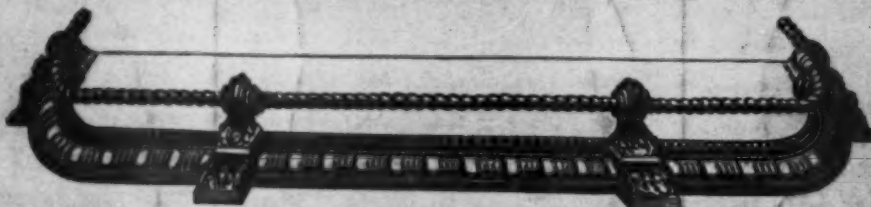


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